The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE; WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

LITTLE THINGS.

The flower is small that decks the field,
The bee is small that bends the flower,
But flower and bee alike may yield
Food for a thoughtful hour.

Essence and attributes of each
For ends profound combine;
And all they are, and all they reach,
Springs from the Mind Divine.

Is there who scorneth little things?
As wisely might he scorn to eat
The food that bounteous Autumn brings
In little grains of wheat.

Methinks, indeed, that such an one
Few pleasures upon earth will find,
Where well-nigh every good is won
From little things combined.

The lark that in the morning air
Amid the sunbeams mounts and sings;
What lifted her so lightly there?
Small feathers in her wings.

What form, too, then, the beauteous dyes
With which all nature oft is bright,
Meadows and streams, woods, hills, and skies?
Minutest waves of light.

And when the earth is sere and sad
From summer's over fervid reign,
How is she in fresh beauty clad?—
By little drops of rain.

Yea, and the robe that Nature weaves,
Whence does it every robe surpass?—
From little flowers, and little leaves,
And little blades of grass.

O sure, who scorneth little things,
If he were not a thoughtless elf,
Far above all that round him springs,
Would scorn his little self.

THOMAS DAVIS.

WERE you with me, or I with you,
There's nought, methinks, I might not do;
Could venture here and venture there,
And never fear, nor ever care.

To things before, and things behind,
Could turn my thoughts, and turn my mind,
On this and that, day after day,
Could dare to throw myself away.

Secure, when all was o'er, to find
My proper thought, my perfect mind
And unimpaired, receive anew
My own and better self in you.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER XVII.

RACHEL'S STORY (CONCLUDED.)

In these days, continued Rachel, the man had much to say about prudence, and the deference due to the opinions of the world; and once when the girl urged him to appoint some time of meeting, however distant, and keep the appointment, he said, with shocking coarseness, that he would appoint the next day, and meet her in the high road at broad noon, if she desired!

"Why did she not resent the insult?"

Oh, my Tressy! my dear little girl. Let me only say, she was completely in his power now, and could not. She could only fall at his feet, and entreat him for pity's sake—not for love's sake—to have mercy upon her.

Some cold, stinted comfort was given her to be sure, but much as out-door relief is thrown to a beggar, and she wiped her tears and went away from him, well knowing that her heart had received its mortal stab, and however staunched, must still bleed slowly to death.

I will not stop to talk of her anguish—to say how conscience tormented, and how the demons tore her, through the long days and nights that followed this terrible meeting and parting. There was no one to whom she could confide her trouble, for well she knew that such sorrow as hers meets with no pity from man nor woman, and what was the hardest of all, she condemned herself, more than any one else could have condemned her.

The time of meeting agreed upon came at last, and the girl, with her courage stimulated, and her shattered faith in some sort built up, was early at the place appointed—he did not come, and at midnight, drenched and bedraggled with dew, shivering in body and in soul, she returned home, scarcely more alive than dead. She did not die, however, nor did her heart quite break, for hearts do not break so easily as some have imagined—she lived, if to breathe, and move, and work without aim or object can be called living—she even smiled, and appeared to enter into the plans and hopes of those about her; it is strange to what straits women may be driven, and yet smile; and for my part, I have never thought that the martyrs who have stood at the stake, are all whom the world has had.

With the morning sunshine came a little hope, surely he would come that day, he would not, could not desert her—a thousand causes might have detained him for once. Had he not given his promise, and would he not come, knowing as he did, that she was listening for his footsteps as for life!

Then she would repeat to herself the very words and phrases in which he had engaged himself to meet her, as if the repetition could put into them some living power; and so she wore out the day, and so the night came. Perhaps he would even be waiting for her, O if he should! She forgot the past, the future; forgave him everything at the bare thought of it.

He was not waiting, and hour after hour she stayed, watching the clouds as they flew wildly over the face of the moon, hoping, while she felt there was no hope—sometimes calling on the heavens to have mercy, and at other times on the hills to come and cover her. But the hills did not move, and it seemed as if the heavens had no mercy.

Sometimes she felt for a moment that she could drag him before the world, accuse, disgrace, and so avenge herself upon him and her own heart together, but the fit would go and leave her all tears and contrition.

He was sick, perhaps, or some dreadful calamity had come upon him of which he had forborne to speak, and she had jealously, coarsely misinterpreted all. Suspense, fed with such fears, became unendurable—she must see him at all hazards; some power, it seemed, stronger than herself, impelled her to do so, even against her better judgment.

In the darkness of the night, and when no eye was upon her, she stole through the woods and the by-ways, and came to his house, and knocked at his door. He was alive and well. He had been busy, and besides he had been suffering with a headache, to which, as she knew, he was subject, and to which she might have referred his non-appearance, if she had been reasonable or thoughtful, neither of which she was, unfortunately. One evening he had dined with some friends in town—fellows he knew at college, and he had fulfilled some obligations of ceremony, which she would not perhaps appreciate.

When he found that she made no reproach, but stood before him dumb in her terrible despair, he seemed to feel that he *ought* to feel some touch of pity, and drawing her towards him, said, that she should have known that whatever *he* did was best and wisest—he was sorry, disappointed, and really had a right to be angry with her. She must not be so nervous, so womanish—it was unworthy of her. She would betray everything and expose him to the contempt of the world, by such insane conduct as she had been guilty of that night, and he warned her against its repetition under penalty of forfeiting his regard forever.

In her bewilderment, her utterly hopeless and forlorn condition, and in her blind and desperate love, she could only crouch tremblingly before him, and entreat him by all his promises, by all that was sacred on earth and in heaven, by his own hopes of mercy, to have mercy upon her, to save her from destruction, and

out of the infamy from which only he could save her.

All her supplications—all her misery wrung from him only some cold pretence of comfort. He seemed to regard her suffering as simply an injury to himself which was to be resented—not pitied.

Finding, at length, that she would not leave him until she was pacified, he said, with some little show of tenderness, that if she would promise to go home, and attend cheerfully and quietly to her duties, she might rely upon his protection—his love—otherwise, he would bind himself to nothing.

They had been in the habit of meeting much too often, and of prolonging their interviews to a highly imprudent degree, and she should herself feel it was now, more than ever, necessary to use some discretion. There were proprieties of which she seemed to have no conception. She must learn to govern herself by his wishes, and to feel that he had her best interest at heart. He was not the man to be moved by the silliness of a love-sick girl, and she ought to know it.

She lifted herself from the ground, where, in her despair, she had thrown herself, and where he had allowed her to lie, and looked intently into his eyes, as if she would see through them and down into his heart and find some comfort there. There was no need to look into his heart, she knew well enough there was nothing there in which she could trust, or hope. She knew that she loved a man in whom she could not believe—knew that he regarded women only as the servants of his pleasure—that he held no promise sacred, and no obligation binding, so far as concerned them.

Tressy could feel Rachel's bosom trembling under her hand, and directly she slipped out of bed, saying she must go and see to Jane; but Tressy could see her by the gleams of the lightning, walking up and down the room, her hands pressed upon her heart as if to still its throbbing.

She did not know why the story of this poor girl should touch her so nearly she said, when she had come back, but some how it did. And directly, having gotten her heart under control, she went on.

Well, after that night, the meetings were few and formal—the young man became more selfish all the time; and no matter what sacrifice the girl made, it only called out from him the demand for other and harder sacrifices. Every inch of ground she yielded he took possession of, and pushed her back and back until there was no place for her in the world.

When she talked of marriage, he replied that they were married already, but that as soon as certain obstacles were go'ten out of the way, the usual ceremony should be performed. Perhaps, indeed, the next time they met he would take her home with him for good and all—he could not yet tell, she must have patience, courage, faith.

His words fell upon her ears, idle as the whistling of the wind. In vain she tried to believe him; the memory of too many falsehoods rose up and forbade it. No assurance of his could reassure her any more.

He meant simply to soothe her for the present—to put her off—that she knew full well. And yet she regarded her fate with a kind of dumb stolidity, for with the conviction that she was not beloved as she had loved, there fell upon her a sort of torpor—the single mercy perhaps which God could yet grant her.

All day she went mechanically about her work, never smiling, never singing now, never complaining, never saying anything at all. Sometimes at night when the pale, tender moon looked in at her window, and the searching stillness was all about her, she would come to herself, as it were, and, like a child that wakes frightened out of sleep, rise from her bed, and crying for help and succor, go up and down her chamber, wringing her hands, as though she were clean mad. By and by there came accusations which it was useless to deny—then all manner of abuse, and contempt, and denunciation, and finally, for it is needless to dwell upon this saddest part of all the story—she was turned out of house and home, even her own sister refused to receive her or to speak to her.

What she suffered under these circumstances I do not know, said Rachel—may God forgive her—but I know that the temptation to put an end to her own life was very strong sometimes. Let come what would, she was resolved to make no further appeal to the man who had dishonored and forsaken her, so there *seemed nothing left for her to do, but die.*

One day when she was sitting on the bank of a stream, where the water was deep and still, thinking how easy it would be to pull its black sheet over her face, and be hidden from the eyes of men and women forever, something lower and softer than a whisper—something that made no noise at all, and was yet so clear and distinct that she could not doubt its reality—said to her "Go, and sin no more." She started to her feet, looked about her, awe-struck and afraid.

Nobody was near—in the distance, begrimmed and flushed and sooty, she saw coming rapidly down the hill, and directly toward her, one of the lime-burners who lived thereabout. He was followed at a little distance by a boy, of whom she could see nothing at first, but his white head bobbing up and down among the paupau bushes. As they advanced she perceived that the face of the lad was drawn all awry with crying, and that the sun-bonnet which he carried in his hand was wet with tears. She saw, too, that the man was grieviously afflicted, so that he walked with a swaying motion as if the ground were unsteady to his footing.

He no sooner perceived her than he approached, and asked her in a voice as rough and broken as his own lime-stones to go with him to his cabin, which he said was not far away. While he was speaking, the boy came up, looking pitiable enough—his trousers torn, a cotton shawl tied about his shoulders, and his dirty face streaked with tears; and the man, laying his hand on the head of the child, said—"This little fellow's mother has been weakly a good while, and since I went out to work this morning, she has been took a deal worse. "I'm a'most afeard to go back to the house."

She found the poor woman very sick, sure enough, and before many days went by, the little boy's calico sunbonnet had a knot of black crape stiched upon it.

The lime-burner, in his own rude way, had loved his wife, and the spirit went quite out of him when she died. The boy took kindly to the young woman and so it fell out, the lime-burner's cabin became her home. She was far from happy there, but she was perhaps less miserable than she had been in other places. She had accepted her disgrace, and ceased to hope or to fear anything. Sometimes she would sit on the doorstep for hours, watching the little lime-burner who almost daily, after his mother's burial, regaled himself by playing funeral. He converted the cucumber patch into a graveyard, and in his fancy made a corpse of everybody he knew, but of the poor young housekeeper oftener than all the rest. He experienced one trouble with her, however, not easily remedied, his imagination being still subordinate to the main facts—he could find no mourners.

No one came to visit her—no one for charity's sake, even, to see how she fared, few indeed, with the exception of Aunt Ripley knew of her whereabouts, and if she had died and been buried, her funeral must have been quite as forlorn as the child had pictured. Even the two hands hired by the lime-burner as assistants, refused to eat at the same table with her. "Them that throwed themselves away," they said, "mustn't expect the countenance of their betters." She dared not any longer think of going to bed in the river, as she used to do; and so day by day drifted helplessly about, as one cast away, and with just a frail plank between him, and the dread things unknown; the wild waste of cruel waters everywhere.

If you were older, you would understand how it was that she could hope nothing, and how it was that she almost feared nothing—that was the worst, there was nothing to fear, and that she felt nothing but an uneasy longing—she knew not for what.

When it was summer she used to wish it was fall, so that the birds might not mock her with their songs, nor the sunshine with its brightness; and when the fall came, and all the wood was black and desolate, she wished it was winter—it seemed as if the moaning and tossing of the wild wind would comfort her. But when the snow drifted to white heaps, and the winds cried in the naked tree-tops, the same wish went on—if it were only some other time! She might have known it was not another time, but another self she needed, and that she could never get that in this world. She had come to that dreadful strait when she had no right to live and no right to die. The winter went by at last—the long spring rains fell over the dark woods and the flowers came up. Another time had come to the young woman, and in the intervals of her work she sat by a rude cradle and sang lullabies, very low, for she was ashamed to have them heard.

The baby was a bright little boy, and under other circumstances she could have been very proud of him. As it was, she sometimes almost wished the earth to open and swallow her up, for if he so much as stirred in his cradle when the hands were by, they made it the occasion of some rudeness or other that well nigh set her crazy. Their coarse laughter and jests went through her bosom like sharp knives, and it seemed to her that she could feel an inward bleeding all the time.

If the child cried, they called him a brat, and another name yet more dreadful to the ears of the mother—made threats upon his life, which, although she knew they would never be executed, kept her in a state of fear and torment. The lime-burner, by all these things, had some rude pity awakened for her; and one day when the child was unusually fretful, he brought from amongst the medicines which his wife had had, a small vial, a few drops of the contents of which, he said, would keep him asleep all day and the hands would not know there was a baby in the house. She did as he advised, and finding the desired effect produced, repeated the dose again and again, and finally got into the habit of keeping her baby asleep nearly all the

time. God forgive her, she did not know the harm she was doing, and that they were deadly poisons on which she was feeding the child—never dreamed of it until they had stupified him almost to idiocy.

The eyes that were so bright at first, grew dull and vacant—the little hands that had been so plump, and had doubled themselves so resolutely, grew lank and lean, hanging limberly over the side of the cradle for hours together—the lusty cry changed from a demand to a low wailing appeal; and the quick intelligence to a stupid stare. The baby crowing and laughter ceased to be heard about the house—the coarse caps and petticoats instead of becoming outgrown as they should have been, hung more and more loosely every day—he could not keep his legs as he used to do, but when set upon them, doubled and lopped together and sunk of a heap.

Now the poor crazed mother knew what she had done, and in answer to his piteous moaning caught and rocked him in her bosom, and cared not who saw her kisses, nor who knew her love. Indeed, she would have given her own life to undo what she had done, but that she could not. do, and to see her sins thus visited upon her child was the hardest of all.

Even the rude hands mocked no longer, but would sometimes touch the little hands and say they would never lift much of a stone in this world. And it seemed a'most a pity they weren't tied together for good and all. We could just put him under the bank as we're at our digging, they said, and the ivy vines would soon overrun the place, and nobody be any the wiser.

The beauty of the miserable mother faded very fast now, and before a year was gone, no one would have thought of calling her pretty, in truth, she looked almost as old and as careworn as I do now.

"And what became of the wicked man she liked so well? and does she ever see him now-a-days?" inquired Theresa, passing a hand softly over Rachel's tear-wet cheek.

Yes, sometimes of a dark rainy night like this, when she is sure no one will see or reproach her, she goes and pleads with him to deal gently with her child. And sometimes, looking in at his window, she sees no signs of tenderness in his face, and goes away and waits, having first prayed, kneeling on the turf at his doorstone.

She shook from head to foot as she said this, her face turned down to the pillow to smother the sobbing she could not all repress.

"The boy you have told about," said Theresa, "reminds me of one that comes to our school, and after this I am sure I shall try to be very good to him." She had got hold of Rachel's hand, and while she said this was stroking it softly up and down.

"Do you speak of the lad Sally was talking of to-night?" asked Rachel eagerly.

Theresa replied, "that that was the boy she was thinking of."

Rachel was up in bed in an instant, and hugging Theresa all close in her arms, cried out: "O, my dear little girl, remember to do this and I will pray for you night by night," then suddenly lowering her tone she said, "the prayers of a poor creature like me may not avail, but the cup of water given to one of these little ones shall be known of the good Master, and rewarded by Him who took children in his arms and blessed them. O, my sister, my child! my darling! whatever you forget to do, remember to do this!"

"I will not forget, and I could not if I would," replied Theresa, "it will seem as if I knew his history, and my heart will go straight to him just of itself."

"But then you don't know his history!" said Rachel, "or at least he is not the boy I have been talking about—but, my dear child, do your good works all the same."

Theresa promised again, and Rachel kissed her, and with their two hearts beating as one, they by and by fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

THE "RELIGIOUS" IN THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

In an article on the introduction by Representative Julian of the proposed Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, the New York *World* says:

> The agitation of the subject will succeed to the anti-slavery agitation, just as the latter succeeded the temperance movement. The questions which can interest an entire nation to-day are not religious, but political, economic, or social ones.
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> Matters of faith have no longer the hold they once had, when a whole community could be agitated, as New England was a century ago, on such purely theological crotchets as "Hopkinsonianism." Those schemes which propose the improvement of the physical, social, or political condition of mankind can now alone command the interest or arouse the enthusiasm of a population.

The *World* confounds religion with religionism, when it speaks of those theological crotchets as matters of faith. "Faith without works is dead;" and this is the sort of "faith" that is instanced in Hopkinsonianism. A live religion,—an inherent, vital piety is taking its place. Along with this there is a cultivated intellect, a clear brain, a "level" head, that knows how to project "faith" "into works," at the behest of the loving heart. And this is just what one needs at this critical time. If the *World* were as clear sighted on this as on most subjects, it would recognize these facts, and accept them as the necessary condition of the purification of the political atmosphere just now filled with vapors so disagreeable and noxious. In common with the press generally,—though in a considerably less degree?—the *World* seems needlessly blind to these issues which the clear-sighted women of our land regard as vital and longer unpostponeable. If this proposed cleansing of the Augean stables be not a work of moral reform, nay of renovation of our deepest religious life, if its field is not emphatically that of *missionary* work, then I do not rightly understand it.

What is the mission of true christianity? The church and the state in political unity was justly fought against by our forefathers; but our modern demagogues, wiser in their day and generation than those children of the light, have pushed the "reform against nature," until heart religion is about hopelessly divorced from political life. Clergymen may vote—it is a wonder they permit even that—but must not lift up their voice on public issues in the pulpit, condemn political crimes, or denounce political criminals.

Now, if church and state be not united—as they should not be—in a political sense, it is of vital importance that they be united in genuine piety, the religion of good works. This is precisely what women are seeking to do. They long to see religion *felt* in the government, in all public affairs, in the professions, in business, as well as in the household and the meeting-house. Men have laughed to scorn our futile missionary efforts, our charitable institutions in behalf of the victims of the social evil,—until, in very desperation, we have arisen and demanded the ballot that we might have power in our hands as well as religious principle in our hearts.

In the *Pilgrim's Progress*, there is a picture representing fierce flames receiving a feeble sprinkling of water on one side, while on the other the Arch Enemy is feeding them with inflammable oils. No better illustration of woman's relations to the consuming evils of the day, fed unchecked by the devil of appetite,—and of "hate, hard by lust,"—can be given.

Then three reforms—temperance, personal freedom, womanhood enfranchisement—says the *World*, have no direct connection with religion. Then has religion no direct connection with common life and social duty at any point. But, as I read the record, to "let the oppressed go free," to be "temperate in all things," are so intrinsically an element of religion,—at least of such religion as the Bible enjoins, that violations of their laws in the early ages of the world, were occasions of direct visitations of Divine justice upon whole peoples and cities. Temperance, physical health, social order are just as imperatively enjoined in Holy writ as are abstract "matters of faith." We were already bad enough of "merely theological crotchets," in place of vital piety and its sure fruitage of good works. We are glad beyond measure that the time has come when Dead Sea theological discussions, the championship of creeds and dogmas, are no more to be confounded with the living reality of religion. Ministers of the Gospel not only, but the rank and file of the churches have been too long shut out—*as* christians—from the arena of political life; and the women have come to the rescue.

The *World* complains, too (in another article), that the bill abolishing polygamy—in Bariboola Gha—has claimed so little attention, and that it has elicited so little discussion of woman's peculiarities. The work is proposed to be done in a too summary manner to satisfy the notions of justice held by the sensational press. Mormonism has received all the public attention it deserves. The popular conscience is "radical and right" on the enormity; and is, in this respect, far in advance both of the politicians and the press. It wishes no more half-legislation, devoid of heart and hope. Especially it protests against any more demoralization, by reason of the disgusting details long drawn out in the newspapers,—whether as regards polygamy out there, or the social soil here, which is but another name for the same thing. Now that Mormonism has been summoned to final judgment (let us hope) the people no longer deal with it as a religion,—as a "matter of faith;" but as a vile and monstrous abuse, a stench and abomination in the nostrils of the virtuous and the civilized.

Anna Dickinson has treated the subject precisely as it deserves; and, the public, feeling the justness of the criticisms, has dismissed the matter as one upon which its mind is fully made up, and its determination fixed.

Men tell us that christianity has done a great deal for woman; and the women are now determined to do a great deal for christianity in the way of missionary work among the "brothers at home"—which simply means that christianity shall do as excellently for man as it has done for women.

HARRIET S. BROOKS.

Chicago, April 11, 1870.

THE CONVICT'S MOTHER.

From the Rochester (Minn.) Democrat.

THE following poem was read at one of the regular meetings of the Woman Suffrage Association of this city. Will you please insert it in your columns? It is true, fathers well know, that mothers living can judge vastly better what is good for children than they can in their graves, and for this reason, very seldom dare presume to take advantage of the law which makes it possible for them, by a mere expression of will before dying, to rob the mother of her child and keep it from her forever. But this fact does not change the unjust spirit of the laws which would make such an infinitely cruel outrage upon a loving mother possible:

THE CONVICT'S MOTHER.

She stood, a pale, fair woman, with a brow,
Where noble thought sat royally enthroned,
And eyes that once had held a fervid fire,
As white as marble and as motionless.
Her hands in agony each other crushed;
Her starting eyes were fixed upon the clock.
In vain the good man of the church was there,
Striving with wordy prayer to comfort her;
She had no ear, no eye, no thought for aught
But that the cruel time was hastening on.
O, even now within the prison walls
The hangman's hands are busy with his ropes!
Some piercing words the priest unguarded spoke
So wrought upon her anguish and despair,
She turned upon him, crying "Silence! sir,
Silence! How dare you speak so of my son?
My son! my son! my poor, misguided boy!
God is a just God, nor will permit such thing;
The reprieve, sir, it will come—O yes, 'twill come!"

Again her eyes were fixed upon the clock,
But now she seems distract; notes not the time.
Turns she again unto the priest and speaks:
"I crave your pardon, sir. I do forget.
You're very kind to come and pray with me.
I thank you. Yes, I thank you. You are kind,
But you do not know; you cannot understand
He is my son. *He was my baby, sir.*
Nine happy months I bore him 'neath this heart.
What joy I had that time that him I bore!
And when he lay a-cooing in my arms,
What dreams I dreamed for him my fair-browed boy!
I held his dimpled feet within my hands,
And pondered on the heights—that—they—should—climb!
O God! O God!

"His father, sir, strange man,
Grew envious of the love the child bore me,
And jealous of the love I gave his child,
And so forbade me to caress my boy;
And more, he threatened to take the child away!
In secret only dared I love my babe;
Think you, O, think you that I loved him less?

When twilight shadows fell, and happy wives
Grew merry at the thought of coming steps,
I shrank within myself, grew cold and still,
Kept wary watch upon my too fond eyes,
And tried to busy me with household cares.
Then came the cruel father staggering in,
And ever with him one that he called friend.
The thought of him like fire doth burn my brain.
He wooed me once, and I would none of him.
And still he haunted me until I turned
In bitter loathing, and in scorn on him;
And then he hated me as fiends can hate.
He'd vowed revenge, and he was having it.
O, step by step he dragged my husband down,
And one by one with ruthless hand he broke
The ties that bound my husband's heart to me.
Insidious insults heaped he on my head;
Then joined my husband in the laugh and sneer
When I with indignation madly burned,
And ever whispered that I spoiled the boy.
Then would these take my darling on their knees,
And dandle him, and fill his pure young mouth
With dirty, ribald words and vilest oaths.
And bid me laugh when he did curse his God,
Only a woman weak, what could I do
But hold my rebel tongue with gnashing teeth,
Lest it should speak the dreaded, fatal word
That should forever part my boy and me?

"One day my husband died. So hard I'd grown
I could not weep for him. I'd loved him once,
But now I could not even weep for him.
And when had passed the first and stunning shock,
A thought like joy all sudden thrilled me through.
Now none might come between me and my boy;
Now could I rear him to be strong and true;
Nor could he know how low his father fell.
And on my knees I thanked my God and prayed—
O, how I prayed for health, and strength, and light,
To rear my boy to be a noble man.
Ah, yes! I thanked my God that he was dead.
But then, I had forgot—forgot the law.
The good, kind law that men have wisely made—
Law to protect the weak and the oppressed.
My husband's threat had ended not with death.
O, even from the dark and voiceless tomb
Did he stretch back in hate his mould'ring hand
And snatch my baby from my breast!

"In vain
I spent my little all to fight for him.
'The case seemed hard,' the good judge said in court;
'But then it was the law, the father's right;
Women are fond, and apt to spoil their sons.'
And when I told him of that wicked man
And all that he had done to me and mine,
They doubted, called me crazed, and would not heed.
'Was he not known of all a gentleman,
Holding a place of honor and of trust?
Had he not been my husband's dearest friend?
No question he the best would rear the boy.'
And so they gave my child to him. 'Twas sad;
Some kind hearts pitied me; but still my child,
My four years' babe, just old enough to know
His mother's love and love her back again,
They gave to him, that cruel, fiendish man.
My child, how beautiful wert thou that day!
Thy curls like sunny gold lay on thy brow;
Thy tender eyes turned pleadingly to mine,
Troubled and full of wonder that I wept!
And then thou didst sweetly strive to comfort me,
Nor knew it was thy mother's last, last kiss.
For me, alas! my heart foretold too well.
Our God be judge betwixt that man and thee!
Unsullied as the snow-drop's purest bud,
As radiant as the morning sun's first beam,
Even as one of God's bright angels thou,
When impious hands dared tear thee from my arms!
And now! And now! O God, what art thou now?"

While thus her crushed and bleeding heart had forced
Its utterance through her pallid lips, the hour,
The fatal, fatal hour unheeded all
Had passed. But see; she notes the time, and holds
Her breath and strains her ear to listen. Now
Comes there a sound of tumult from the street;
Sudden a glow lights all her haggard face,
And wildly springing to the door, she cries—
"The reprieve! the reprieve! it's come! Thank God
it's come!"
Ah! ere the threshold she has reached, rough men
Across its sill bear in a coffin rude,
While he, "the friend," steps blandly to her side,
And says, "Madam, we bring you here your son."

FAMILY PORTRAIT.

A PROFESSIONAL man enters his house, just come in from his office (a five minutes walk). "O dear, I am so tired. Wife, couldn't you fix me a hot gin sling? Seems to me that would touch the right spot." Said gentleman went to his office at 9 a.m., where he has written a little, read the papers, and cracked jokes with a crowd of hangers on to his and their infinite satisfaction. The wife was up an hour or two before her husband, built the fire, dressed the babies, cooked breakfast for him and his numerous progeny. (They are *his*, not *hers*. They are here to feed and care for, and work for, from morning till night, but they are *his* legally). Since that, she has been scrubbing, baking, ironing, or whatever else fills up the programme for the day, but it is *something*, be sure of that. She is never idle. Her husband is the *professional* man, but she is the *practitioner* every time. I was going to say, after getting through with all other duties, and just in the midst of getting the noon-day meal on the table, she must stop to fix him a hot gin sling, because forsooth, he is tired. If ever in her heated, overworked frame, a symptom of fatigue shows itself, or is manifested by any outward sign, and her lord and master condescend to notice it, "I don't see what you have done to get tired. Women are always grumbling." That is one of the little "smitings." Then here is another. "Can I have fifty cents?" "What for?" "Baby must have some new aprons." "I haven't so much change; won't a quarter do?" "Hardly. Haven't you a dollar bill? I could hand back the change." "Can't trust you. Never knew a woman to give back any change yet." Merciful Heaven! Man, do you know the reason why? They never have a chance to get any. Owing to my present position, my sphere is quite limited, nevertheless my personal acquaintance is large, and I here most solemnly affirm for the benefit of all interested, that I never knew but one married man who voluntarily delivered to his wife a stated portion of the income which their united earnings and savings had accumulated. I honor him so much for that act of simple justice that I would like to inscribe his name in letters of gold, that he who runs may read, but I dare not insert it here, for I haven't asked leave.

THE REVOLUTION is steadily gaining ground here. A class of women are being educated in our great west, who will yet be fitting companions for Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Miss Dickinson. And *we* whose names will probably never be seen in that roll of honor of those who have given time, money, talents, *all* for the great cause, we, I say, will watch you from afar, crown you with our blessings, and some time, if worthy, may be permitted to touch the hem of your garments.

A. E.

El Dorado, Iowa.

A WORD TO MY AMERICAN SISTERS.

BY MATTIE CHAPPELLE.

No matter who I am. The sisterhood includes me, but whether a spinster of doubtful age, or a "girl of the period," or yet a happy matron, you are at liberty to speculate at your leisure. That is not at all to the point here. I want to talk to *you*, to put a plain question to each daughter of the nineteenth century. It is this. What are you living for? What is the *object* of your life? Yes, *you*, of the chignon and pannier—*you*, belle of your aristocratic "set"—and *you*, pretty country girl, take the question home to your heart, and ponder it well. Are you pretty? Does Gustavus Adolphus adore you? Do you dream of a "brown-stone front"—a life of luxury, gaiety and ease? Then listen! Better than a comely face is purity of heart. Better than an *elegant establishment*—so called—is a home upon whose domestic altar shall burn the incense of love to God, and sweet submission to his will. If you have beauty, so much the better; but while you endow the *temple*, neglect not the indwelling spirit. Under your bright hair, lies a *brain*, given you to *use*. It is a talent "to be *doubled*, not *buried*—a gem to be *polished*, not left to lie forgotten, in its native quartz. If you have not beauty *outwardly*, you may possess an *inward* beauty that shall be far more enduring—a beauty that *every one* will love—a beauty that *God* will smile upon. Have you been well educated? Thank God, and *go on!* Don't lay away your books, like cast off clothing—and become a "finished" young lady. Read—not trashy

novels, which, like the *ignis fatuus*, only dazzle or lead astray—but standard literature, that which has stood the test of time, and the dissecting knife of critics. Read the grand old poets with their beautiful thought melodies—become familiar with the history of other nations—acquaint yourselves with the resources of your own broad land, across which the sister oceans now shake hands. Don't fear the appellation "strong-minded," and think with that term must come "bloomers" and gaunt, ungainly manners. Your mind can be strong, while you maintain the sweet womanly wave, which everybody—man or woman—admires. Be as attractive as you can; but remember the thin veil of affectation does not deceive the observer. Be *natural*. Strive first to please God—make the best use of the talents he has given you. Be *earnest*. Endeavor to make your home bright and cheerful—smooth over the rough places in your daily path, and try to make those around you happy. Now, don't understand me to exclude amusement. You love to sing, laugh, play croquet, attend public entertainments. So do *I. Every one* needs recreation, but *no one* needs it constantly. It is, or should be, only to diversify the life which *ought* to be earnest—something more than one long holiday. Let each day find us conscious of some progress, a temptation striven against, a weakness overcome. Try to be happy, too. Not the foaming, champagne happiness that dissipation gives—but a calm, sunny happiness, that comes from a quiet conscience and a good heart, and which reflects itself upon all around. In the hurry of the present age, fashion is the shrine at which too many of our country women worship—and marriage, their "chief end of life." Our friend *Susan* tells us a "new era" is dawning. Shall it find only a mass of well-dressed, but brainless women to meet its demands? Ah! you wrong yourselves! You don't know what you might be if you would look beyond the ball, the opera, the fashion-plate—and right over the heads of the perfumed, moustached *bipeds* who *call themselves men* and worship at your feet. Use your mental powers—your noblest energies, in raising yourselves up to the elevated position which every American girl ought to occupy. Let all this talk of the "new era" *mean something*. Let its dawn begin to show its rosy light, not alone at the ballot-box, in political contests, but in the hearts, homes, and lives of the mothers of our future. Then the domestic fireside will be a little world of intellectual enjoyment, as well as sweet home comfort. Then the moral influence will extend outside the home-circle, and brighten and purify the noblest land the sun shines on, and we shall think, with reason, that the millennium is *not far off*. *Don't get ambitious* about the *ballot*—fit yourself for it, then if you should be called to occupy some responsible position in the future, you will not disgrace it.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Under this title an excellent woman in Detroit has written a long, able and eloquent argument for Woman Suffrage that is well worthy to be published in tract form for general distribution. The Revolution to-day has space only for the one brief paragraph with which it closes:

> Gentlemen: Deny not the just demand of woman because there is wrong in the world. Marry her to your government, let her stand by your side, and aid you to set the house of humanity in order—to adorn it with beauty, and make it a habitation where all righteous activities may dwell in harmony. There is nothing so safe as justice! If our claim be just, you cannot go wrong in granting it. You see a thousand lions of expediency in the way; every one of them will disappear before the grand march of Justice, the power which pervades and carries forward the world. Once be certain you have a true principle; fearlessly obey its command, knowing that you have seized hold of the pillars which support the universe. To be in harmony with truth is to be in league with all the forces flowing from the throne of God. Let justice be done! *and the heavens will maintain the decision!*
>
> "New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth,
> They must upward still and onward,
> Who would keep abreast of Truth."
>
> Detroit. C. E. O.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

It is fortunate and creditable to the English claimants of electoral rights for women that they enable their friends and their opponents to conduct the discussion in good temper. The coarse and unreasoning viragos of the New York Revolution seem bent upon illustrating the unfitness of their sex to deal with public affairs.

The London *Saturday Review* praises American women and their work in doxology like that. One of its progenitors went once into the temple and thanked God that he was not as other men (and women?). It was almost two thousand years ago, but the story keeps well, and will certainly last while it is every now and then so illustriously renewed as here in the *Saturday Review*. It may be "fortunate and creditable" to the English women that they are not like "the coarse and unreasoning viragos of the New York Revolution;" but it is equally "creditable" to them that they have hitherto escaped the commendations of the *Review* in the conduct of their movement, as effectively as have the *barbarian* women of America.

As offset to the above we give the two following articles under the head of What the Press says, perhaps as good authority on this side the Atlantic, as the *Saturday Review* is on the *other*:

N. Y. Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.

The late celebration of the fiftieth birthday of the great apostle to the masculine sex, Susan B. Anthony, is perhaps a fit occasion for giving some account of The Revolution, of which she is proprietor and co-editor. The paper has just entered upon its third year and fifth volume, and is on a paying basis. Its circulation is about ten thousand, and is taken very largely in the West, particularly in California, which seems rather significant, as in that state there are 140,000 more men than women. It is probably owing to the latter having to work so hard, on account of their small numbers, *that they are so anxious to secure the Suffrage.*

The Revolution was formerly published near Printing House Square in the same building with the *World*, which has always been the champion of the Woman's cause, owing to the relationship of "Jennie June" to the managing editor, Mr. Cebly. The Revolutionists, however, did not like to work in cramped rooms at the top of four immense and dark flights of stairs, as other editors are content to do: so they very sensibly removed to the present cosy quarters on the ground floor of the Woman's Bureau in Twenty-Third street, in close proximity to the National Academy of Design and the Young Men's Christian Association. Here they have pleasant and quiet rooms within reach of their friends, and always open to visitors. They are not too nice to work in, and newspapers, manuscripts, proofs and other signs of the modern black art are scattered about, yet there is apparent everywhere that atmosphere of refinement which is always found where cultivated women resort.

I have known Miss Anthony in a professional way since The Revolution was established, and think the only fit way to characterize her is as "the irrepressible Susan." She is no lay figure, no woman of straw, but a veritable and genuine *being*, with a purpose and a determination to accomplish it. She is original, and originality is always piquant and interesting. I once heard Miss Anthony say, "The first time I ever had my cad examined, was by a travelling phrenologist, who told me that my greatest quality was 'hold on.' 'If you once get committed to a matter, that is half the battle; you won't give up as long as you have a spark of life left.'" And certainly she has needed all of her persistency to carry out her plans.

Parton remarks, in his sketch of Henry Clay, that a public person, like theatrical scenery, should be viewed from a distance and not near by. Apply this test to Susan B. Anthony and her actions assume almost heroic proportions. She has been animated by a great idea, one greater than that of abolition, and almost rivaling that of Democracy, and it is sufficient to say that she has preached it honestly and persistently, and with but a fraction of the violence which other reformers have shown. Posterity will award her a place alongside of Phillips and Garrison, with whom she alone can be fitly compared, of all the leaders of the woman's reform.

The contributors to The Revolution in most cases sign their own names to their articles, and are, therefore, known to the public. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is the principal editorial writer. Mrs. Paulina W. Davis is also an editorial writer. Alice Cary is writing a continued story. Grace Greenwood sends letters from Washington, and Mrs. Rebecca Moore is the English correspondent. Eleanor Kirk is also a regular contributor.

From the New Jersey Journal.

The Revolution. The Woman's Paper. Susan B. Anthony, proprietor. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, editor. Terms, one year, $3.00, six months, $2.00. Published at Chatham st., New York.

The memory of a very young man goes back to the time when Lloyd Garrison's hat covered nearly all the Abolition party. To-day the Abolition party covers the continent and slavery is already a fading remembrance of the past.

A comparative child can recall the time when nearly all the Woman's Rights party peered through Susan B. Anthony's specs. To-day that party numbers countless thousands. Its principles are endorsed by the best intellects, advocated by the most eloquent tongues, and will ere long constitute a vital element in our politics.

Such progress has the Woman's cause already made, that women hold prominent positions in nearly all the vocations of life. They have achieved unquestionably brilliant success in the pulpit, at the bar, in the forum, in commerce, in all the walks of science, and two of their number, probably more daring and original than the rest, are now apparently demonstrating woman's capacity to hold their own, among the howling dervishes of the gold room and the stock boards.

But our friends, the ladies, have done nothing which so completely and irrefutably vindicates their ability to do anything under the sun, as does their signal success in conducting The Revolution. For though there be those who think that "to keep a hotel" requires a genius to which but *few in life are born*, it has been demonstrated beyond all question or doubt, that the most actually difficult thing in all the world, to do successfully, is "to run a newspaper." And just this most difficult thing the ladies have done and are doing to perfection, for in all the realm of journalism to-day, there is no better conducted paper than The Revolution. It is perfect in all its departments, and *is in every sense of* the word, a live newspaper. Its columns teem with good things, interesting not only to the advocates of the Woman's Rights doctrines, but to everybody. The range of its articles is very comprehensive and embraces a brief "resume" for the week of local and foreign news, with the market and congressional reports. All the leading topics of the day are discussed through its columns, thoroughly and boldly, of course, however, from a radical point of view. As to the literary tone of the paper, there can be no question, when upon glancing through its columns we observe as among its regular contributors the familiar names of Anna E. Dickinson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Alice and Phebe Cary, Olive Logan, Charlotte Wilbour and Phebe Cousens. We are very happy to introduce The Revolution to our readers, and are sure that whether its peculiar views, or the doctrines it advocates, meet their concurrence or not, its weekly visit to the home circle cannot but be welcome.

Good for Illinois.—*In spite of* Massachusetts, Minnesota, Kansas and Colorado influence and example, the Illinois Constitutional Convention has decided to submit the question of Woman's Suffrage to a vote of the people, and this, too, in the face of the protest of 1,300 Peoria women!

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER LIII.

MANCHESTER, April, 1870.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

You will see by the *Journal* of our society for this month, which I send you, that, so far, all the signs of the times have been hopeful, and that with regard to our Bill for Removing the Electoral Disabilities of Women, we have had only progress to report. The critical period of the second reading approaches. It is still doubtful that our government, liberal though it be, in the political meaning of the term, will support the measure. Meantime, the work of petitioning proceeds, and there is a marked change for the better in the tone of the press. The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Public Petitions, issued this week, states that up to the 25th of March the number of petitions in favor of Women's Suffrage presented this session was 143, bearing 53,144 signatures.

If space permit, I hope you will give in full this report of the meeting in London, which I mentioned in my last letter:

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

A meeting of the members and supporters of this society was held on Saturday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and was very numerously attended. Among those present were Lord Houghton, Lady Amberley, Lady Anstruther, Mrs. Jacob Bright, M. Louis Blanc, Sir D. Wedderburn, M.P., Professor Fawcett, M.P., Mr. John Morley, Mr. Eastwick, M.P., Mr. Charley, M.P., Mr. M'Laren, M.P., and Mrs. M'Laren, Capt. Maxse, M.P., Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., Miss Cobbe, Lady Eleanor Brodie, Mr. W. H. Ashurst, Mr. Bernard Cracroft, Mrs. Stansfeld, Miss C. A. Biggs, Lady Crompton, Countess Beauchamp, Lady Belper, Major and Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Crawshay, Professor Sheldon Amos, Miss Jewsbury, Herr Karl Blind, Syed Ameer Ali, Mr. James Heywood, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Miss Motley, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Martineau, Mrs. Lucas, Mr. M. D. Conway, Miss Elizabeth Garrett, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and Lady Lyell.

Mrs. P. A. Taylor, on taking the chair, was very warmly received. She expressed her gratification at the presence of so large an audience, which indicated the growing interest that was taken in this movement; but, whilst the ranks of their opponents were being gradually thinned, the fertility and variety of their argument did not appear to lessen. There were social questions which touched women as nearly as men, and upon which women had a right to be heard. Some friends had expressed apprehension that the working classes would be opposed to this question; but out of a large number of petitions presented to Parliament on the subject from the metropolitan boroughs, the half came from the working classes. (Hear, hear.) It had been asserted that women were unfit for the franchise, though they were not held to be unfitted for the payment of taxes and other responsibilities of householders; and, further, that it would unfit them for domestic duties. The same argument was used when it was proposed to abolish slavery; it was said the negro was unfit for freedom. Slavery was, however, abolished, and the negro had proved himself fit for freedom. Let the electoral disabilities of women be removed, and they would at once prove themselves fit for the franchise. (Loud applause.)

Mr. John Stuart Mill, on rising to move the first resolution, was greeted with repeated cheering. He said since their meeting in July last, the society had ample reason to be satisfied with the progress they had made. That progress manifested itself not only in the increased number of its friends, but still more in the altered tone of its opponents. There was one particular in which the admission of women to the franchise might be expected to affect the character of Parliament, and that would be by infusing into the Legislature an increased disposition to grapple with the great physical and moral evils of society. (Hear, hear.) There were many men who regarded increased activity in this direction with alarm; but he was convinced that if the state used all the means it possessed of raising the standard of morality, and even in some respects the physical well-being of the community, they would find it had much more in its power than it was the fashion to believe. In this respect governments were blameable for neglecting the right means of compassing these objects. The time had passed away when governments were actively tyrannical; their favorite sins in these times were indolence and indifference; whatever scruples they might have about doing evil, they had none about letting evil alone. (Hear.) The consciences and feelings of men, which on these points were more indolent than those of women, needed rousing, and the stronger, active impulses of women were needed to do this. They did not seek to disfranchise the men; there should be a mutual taking of counsel. The ship of state needed both sail and ballast; at present it was too often the case that the vessel was all ballast and no sail. (Laughter.) In matters of government they did not fail for want of the curb, but for want of the spur, and women were quite equal to the performance of that office. (Laughter.) If they were admitted to their proper share in the functions of the state, the many wrongs and grievances which especially affected their sex would no longer be considered too unimportant to require any serious effort to put an end to them. There would, for example, be far sterner repression of those outrages upon women which at present disgrace the country, and less of that inexcusable leniency of our courts of justice towards the offenders. (Hear, hear.) Men, liberal and enlightened upon general topics, and whose feeling would incline them to be just to women, still dreaded that the immediate effect of admitting them to the suffrage would be greatly to increase the clerical power. He (Mr. Mill) was not likely to undervalue this objection, but how did it come to pass that the clergy possessed this power? Because they had addressed women through the only feelings and principles they had been encouraged to cultivate; because they had been the only persons who had taken pains with women's minds, and who had addressed them as if they had a moral responsibility—as if their souls and their consciences were their own; because they were the only men who seemed to think it was of any consequence what women thought and felt. Those who showed this respect to women deserved to have influence with them, and would continue to do so until other men used the same measures of acquiring influence which they had done. If the fathers, brothers, and husbands of these women took the same pains with their minds, and invited them to interest themselves in the subjects in which they were interested, they would soon find themselves better judges upon those subjects than the clergy, whose influence over them would be weakened just in proportion as they took part in the general affairs of life. He concluded by moving the following resolution: "That this meeting is of opinion that the extension of the franchise to women will tend to promote among them a more cogent sense of their special duties as citizens, and of their general responsibilities as concerned with the advancement of the highest interest of the whole community."

Professor Cairnes, in seconding the resolution, said that it was the peculiarity of the agitation in which they were engaged that, although essentially a political one, yet the principal objects were rather moral and social. Important legislative results would probably follow from the extension of the franchise to women, but they would be doing injustice to their cause if they limited its effect to that. What would determine thoughtful people in deciding whether or not to support the movement would be, not so much the political results which would follow from it, but the effect of it upon the character of woman herself, and through that character to the various departments of life which she so largely influenced. (Cheers.)

Mrs. Grote, in supporting the resolution, paid a grateful tribute to the untiring zeal and energy of the committee of ladies who conducted the affairs of the society, and also to the gallant assistance of the members of the other sex, who had sided to conduct their good ship into the channel. It was now for the parliamentary pilots to conduct it into port. (Cheers.) She had never been engaged in any cause in which her feelings were more completely seconded by her reason than this. She had always felt that the arguments against women's franchise were so feeble and limited and ineffective that it was a wonder they were ever put forth. (Hear, hear.) They had on their side an able counsel—an advocate, not a Q.C.—(laughter)—although the advocate wore a silk gown; one who had pleaded the cause—not before a court of nisi prius, but a court of common sense—in the pages of the *Westminster Review*, with arguments derived from the constitutional theory, developed with a clearness and a force which appeared to leave nothing unsaid. (Cheers.)

Sir Robert Anstruther, M.P., also supported the resolution, which divided itself into the effect of the extension of the franchise on those who should receive it, and on the community at large. It would be presumptuous in him to make any remarks upon the effect of the enfranchisement of women on themselves, but it must be acknowledged that the lives of many women did not present to them those features of interest which they might reasonably be expected to have. How well, for instance, would women be qualified to take part in the administration of the poor law? Would all the evils that we had lately seen in our workhouses have taken place if women had more concern in their management? Clearly not. There were many other evils with which men were almost powerless to grapple, but which might be materially diminished if women had a greater voice in the management of affairs.

The resolution was put and carried.

Mrs. Fawcett moved the following resolution: "That this meeting regards with much satisfaction the introduction into the House of Commons of a bill for removing the electoral disabilities of women." Everyone interested in the extension of the Suffrage to women must feel that it was time that the question should again be brought before Parliament and the country in a practical form. The objection constantly met with was that there was something repugnant to the feelings in the idea of Women's Suffrage. People did not seem to think it necessary to state what the feeling was, or whether it was based on reason and justice, or the reverse; all they said was that it was repugnant to their feelings. Now, the best way to meet such opposition as that was by full and frequent discussion of the claims of women to the Suffrage, and by a constant reiteration of the basis of reason and equity upon which the claim rested. Some sanguine persons thought the bill might be carried this year. Whether that prediction was to be fulfilled or not, nothing but good could come from the introduction of the bill. But if the bill was lost this session it would be followed by an immediate notice of its re-introduction the first day of the next.

Lord Amberley, in seconding the resolution, said they ought to welcome, as a thing good and desirable in itself, the wish of any class for political equality. This was a time when social questions were becoming every day more important, and were more than ever engaging the attention of the Legislature, and upon such questions women were eminently competent to give advice and assistance. Another reason why women should be admitted to the franchise was that he did not think the law would ever do justice between man and woman unless they were placed on a footing of political equality. (Hear, hear.) The most grave objection urged was that a deteriorating influence might be exercised on the character of women. This was an imaginary, undefined feeling, which would not bear investigation. It was, no doubt, a very terrible prospect to think of women going about the country delivering speeches, lectures, and, instead of amusing themselves by reading the latest novels, being occupied in studying such pernicious and corrupting books as "Mill's Logic." (Laughter.) For his part, he had no fear of that dreadful result. There would probably always be a sufficient supply of frivolous women, as, notwithstanding all their advantages, there was a sufficient number of frivolous men. (Laughter and cheers.)

Miss Helen Taylor supported the resolution. After alluding to the different objects the society had in view, she said it was difficult to say which was most urgently needed. It seemed to her that all were needed, and something more which lay at the root of all—something which would prevent fresh laws from growing up like those which had deprived women of a fair share of the endowments of the country—which forbade women to compete for appointments and the professions. Something was needed that should remind men that women were by their side in the affairs of life, with the same needs and desires as they had, and desired freedom and equality. How could it be said that women were men's companions in the affairs of life when they were only companions in one path, and were shut out from the largest part—political affairs? There were some men who would say that women were too gentle and too sweet to be mixed up with all the vulgar realities of politics; and they would respect them a great deal more while they held aloof from the hard throes of life, and lived in an atmosphere of sweetness and poetry. But this was a very fanciful idea of women's existence. They could not escape from the throes of human life, whichever way they turned. They were to be met with in the ordinary common details of domestic life, in all the petty rivalries and jealousies which beset them, and which required from an upright and pure-minded woman quite as much exercise of consistence and self-control as in any sphere of life. (Applause.) They were told to confine their interests to their own homes, that

they had a small balance of judgment, that they seldom knew more than one side of a question, and so a long list might be gone through of their defects, and the cause of those defects. But was it possible that the disabilities under which women suffered could do other than cause them to be regarded with less respect? For with whom did they share that disqualification? With criminals, with idiots, with lunatics, and minors. (Laughter and cheers.) There were some men of a reflective turn of mind, who, in the most kind and considerate language, said that it was the superiority of women which shut them out from the franchise—that their gentleness and tenderness unfitted them for public affairs. Were kindness and gentleness, then, such drugs in political life that they must be shut out for fear of being overdone with them? (Laughter and cheers.) Was not the great mass of poverty, corruption and ignorance that went on festering, century after century, in the depths of society, owing to the hardness, coldness, and selfishness of men? And might not woman's gentleness do much to remedy this? And what might be expected from the exclusion of one-half of human nature from all direct action on public affairs? Woman's Suffrage was not only wanted for the sake of its influence on society as a whole, but also to enable women to insist upon the carrying out of those reforms which all the world acknowledges to be desirable, but which were continually set aside, while more pressing things which constituents demanded were being done. (Cheers.) When it was first proposed in the House of Commons to admit women to the franchise, many members, who discountenanced the idea, yet expressed the greatest indignation against particular injustices to which women were subject. But what had those chivalrous gentlemen done since to protect women? Had they brought in a bill for flogging men who ill-treated women? (Laughter.) It was worth notice that no bill for the advantage of women had been brought in except by those who voted for giving them the Suffrage. (Cheers.)

The Hon. Auberon Herbert, M.P., supported the resolution. It seemed to him perfectly impossible to refuse this claim of Women's Suffrage, when once it had been seriously asked for by so large a number of the women of this country. They welcomed the claim, because they looked upon it as a symbol that henceforth the line that existed between the education and the intellectual thought of men and women was to cease—(hear, hear)—and that men were to invite women into partnership with them in all those subjects of deep intellectual interest from which they derived their best and highest pleasures which made life worth living. (Cheers.)

The resolution was put and carried.

Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., moved the next resolution, which was: "That the general extension of the Suffrage, so long as women are excluded from it, is a positive injury to them, since it is rapidly making them the only excluded class." So long as only a very few persons possessed the franchise, it did not appear very noticeable that women should be excluded; but now that in every borough every man possessed it, the matter had a very different aspect. He had, in conjunction with Sir Charles Dilke, undertaken to pilot the proposed bill through Parliament. It was three years since Mr. Mill introduced this question in the House of Commons, with great ability and success. Since then associations had been formed in many of the larger towns throughout the country, and many of the most scholarly and distinguished men in the universities were now on their side. The working classes in the great manufacturing towns supported the movement. In the House of Lords they had supporters on both sides of the House. There were members of the Cabinet who were in favor of the bill. Law officers of the Crown would give it their support; and on each side of the House of Commons, Tory and Liberal, they had influential supporters. (Cheers.) All this proved that the claim which women were making was a very strong one, and that it only required to be well understood to be successful. (Applause.)

Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., in seconding the resolution, pointed out that the effect of the bill which Mr. Jacob Bright and himself were to introduce was hardly wide enough to justify some of the arguments used either for or against it. It was not a bill for giving a vote to every woman, but only to those women fulfilling those conditions which were at present required for men; and it seemed to him so simple and easy a matter to justify such a proposal that he was sanguine enough to believe it would be carried during the present session, and without a division. (Loud cheers.)

Miss Hare made a few remarks in support of the resolution, which, having been supported by Professor Hunter in a very effective and humorous speech, was put and carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to Mrs. Taylor, for her conduct to the chair, was moved by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., and carried by acclamation. The meeting, which was throughout of a very enthusiastic character, then terminated.

THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY BILL.

The second reading of this bill was fixed for the 23d of last month, but the time of the House was all taken up in discussing another question, and the bill awaits a second reading on the 18th of May. This delay is a deep disappointment to the supporters of the measure. They had used every possible effort to secure its success. On the day so inauspiciously fixed for its discussion, and the day after, about 100 petitions were sent into the House. Altogether 165 petitions, signed by 35,789 persons have been presented in favor of the bill. The Burials Bill, to permit Non-conformists to use their own rituals instead of the Established Church, took precedence of the Married Woman's Property Bill. The fact that the just claims of millions of women were set aside, in order to discuss the dogmatic refusal of a section of the priesthood to pronounce a certain form of words over the dead, is a sad and somewhat significant sign of the degree of civilization at which we have arrived.

THE C. D. A. AGITATION.

The petitions to Parliament praying for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts now number above 120, bearing about 100,000 signatures. Fresh adherents to the Ladies' National Association come in daily. Many new local committees of ladies have been formed, and associations of gentlemen in the garrison towns are being organized now.

Mrs. Butler has addressed large and important meetings in the Midland counties. On the 28th ult. a crowded meeting of steady, respectable working men was held in Liverpool. Dr. Burrows presided, and Mrs. Butler was led to her place on the platform by her husband, the Rev. Geo. Butler, Principal of the Liverpool College, and was greeted with an enthusiastic cheer by the audience. Several gentlemen also occupied the platform. After an introduction from the chairman, and an able and eloquent speech by the Rev. Geo. Butler, Mrs. Butler delivered her address (see the report in the *Shield*) which was listened to with the deepest attention and respect, and heartily cheered by the "Working men! My brothers—*fathers*, I may call some of you," she said, in calling upon them to do their duty "as electors, as private citizens, as husbands, and as fathers in helping to break these accursed yokes, to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free." When describing the best means of striking at the causes of the Social Evil, Mrs. Butler said, "Our hope is that this terrible conflict will so open the eyes and rouse the hearts of the good, and the resolute, and the true, among us, that the social conditions out of which such abominations grow will be doomed to revision, and that this great anti-slavery movement in which we have embarked may not end in England, but may spread to other countries, and aid in breaking the bonds of the unhappy populations there."

OTHER LADY LECTURERS ON THE C. D. A.

Mrs. Hume Rothery, Treasurer of the Manchester District Committee, is about to address meetings of women in Manchester, Bolton, Stockport and Wigan. She is an eloquent speaker and thoroughly conversant with the subject, on which she published an excellent pamphlet and several able articles.

Miss Tod, of Belfast, who has been the leading spirit in getting up lectures for ladies in connection with the college there, has just addressed a meeting of 700 women on these immoral and unjust laws.

TESTIMONY OF THE AUTHOR OF "LES MISERABLES."

Victor Hugo has addressed a letter to a member of the Ladies National Association for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, in which he states that he is with them to the fullest extent of his power. He believes that all noble hearts and all lofty spirits will be on the same side.

An indication of the success already attained by the opponents to these unrighteous laws was afforded at an election at Newark a few days ago. Sir Henry Starke, a candidate otherwise unexceptional, was obliged to retire before the storm of popular indignation in consequence of his approval of the C. D. Acts. Mr. Bristowe, the other liberal candidate who promised to vote for the repeal of the acts, was returned by a large majority.

Believe me to be yours very truly,

REBECCA MOORE.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN IRELAND.—The Dublin branch of the National Society of Woman's Suffrage has sent in numerous petitions this session of Parliament, in favor of the enfranchisement of women. Miss Anne Isabella Robertson continues to act as Hon. Secretary, and devotes both time and money to the promotion of this important question, as she has done for more than two years, having relinquished many literary engagements to carry on the good work actively. Further petitions are being prepared in Dublin, Clare, Tipperary, Bantry, Roscommon, Wexford, etc. It is said that Mrs. Fawcett, wife of Professor Fawcett, member of Parliament for Brighton, will give a lecture on Woman's Suffrage in Dublin soon, and arrangements for this event are being made under the auspices of Miss Anne I. Robertson, who herself was the first lady who agreed to speak in public in England on the question of the enfranchisement of woman, and who took part in the two first meetings held in favor of the measure at Manchester and Birmingham in 1868. Last year Dublin came next to the Associations of London and Manchester in the number of signatures to petitions in favor of Woman's Suffrage sent to the British Parliament from all parts of the British kingdom.

ELEANOR ANN FRANKLIN, a poetess, the daughter of W. Porden, an eminent architect, was born in 1795. She early manifested great talent and a strong memory, acquiring a considerable knowledge of Greek and other languages. Her first poem, "The Veils," was written when she was but seventeen. Her next was the "Arctic Expedition," which led, in 1823, to her marriage with Captain Franklin, afterwards Sir John Franklin, whose untimely though heroic fate she still lives to deplore and to whose memory she has devoted the remainder of a blameless and long life.

Her principle work is the epic of Cœur de Lion, which appeared in 1825. All her poems display much elegance, spirit and richness of imagination.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL in London, endowed for the education of both boys and girls, has now in it 1,100 boys and 26 girls.

The Revolution.

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OFFICE, 27 CHATHAM STREET, N. Y.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1870.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—THE REVOLUTION.

Last week, particular attention was called to the approaching Anniversary. To-day The Revolution claims consideration. And first, as to its future whereabouts. Hereafter its headquarters will be *No.* 27 *Chatham street*, nearly opposite the City Hall—a change which its business importance makes absolutely necessary.

Miss Anthony is still absent at the west, engaged in lecturing and probably will be for a considerable time yet, as she has numerous engagements already, with constant applications; and so all letters, *personal*, as well as pertaining to her paper, should be addressed as above: 27 Chatham street, New York. Her relations to the Woman's Bureau remain as heretofore.

Mrs. Phelps still presides at the Woman's Bureau in East 23d street, and its spacious and elegant parlors are still open to Receptions, Art Exhibitions and other similar purposes, as in the past.

Mrs. Stanton, too, is still at her Lyceum and other lecturing in the west; though both Miss Anthony and herself will attend the Anniversary, as announced in the Call.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Detroit, April 19th, 1870.

Dear Revolution: Nearly three weeks altogether in Michigan; at St. Joseph, Jackson, Coldwater, Marshall, Hillsdale, Hudson, Adrian, Kalamazoo, Flint, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Pontiac, Ypsilanti, and Detroit. Michigan is a great state. Its University, Colleges, Normal and High Schools are unsurpassed by any in the country, and now that they are all open to girls and boys alike, their superiority will soon be still more apparent. Taking them all in all, the women, too, surpass those of any other state in the Union, in general culture, self-respect, and enthusiasm for the new and higher life now opening to their sex. One marked feature of Michigan civilization is the Women's Library Associations, organized in all the chief towns. They have club-rooms, weekly meetings, essays, discussions on all questions of national life and prosperity, and some of their libraries contain over two thousand volumes. The enthusiasm which has been heretofore expended on churches, parsonages, and donation parties, seems now to be centreing on the education, elevation, and enfranchisement of their own sex. Women have been so long and so thoroughly imbued with the idea that self-sacrifice was their great duty and glory, that they have devoted themselves, body and soul, purses and prayers, to the redemption of the heathen, the conversion of the Jews, the decoration of churches, the education of "poor but pious young men" for the ministry, and the sensuous appetites of the men of their own households "forever suckling fools and chronicling small beer," so entirely neglecting their own health and happiness, growth and development that we would really think that woman's individual welfare and enjoyment had no part or place in the grand, eternal plan.

The women of Michigan have taken one step in the right direction, in their Library Associations. Mrs. Jenny, the wife of a democratic editor in Flint, inaugurated the first one in the state about eighteen years ago, and she is still in that town the moving spirit in all reform work. Mrs. Stone of Kalamazoo, one of the best historians in the state, has large classes of ladies in many of the chief towns, to whom she lectures regularly on Ancient and Modern History. Hillsdale can boast its coming orator in Mrs. Hazlett, young, beautiful and eloquent, with the promise of as much fire, force and enthusiasm as our own fearless Anna Dickinson. At Ann Arbor I met Mrs. Lawrence, and at Ypsilanti Sarah E. Owen, both of whom took part in the earliest conventions in Ohio and New York, and have been faithful witnesses to the cause of Woman's Suffrage ever since. Jackson has a large circle of bright, intelligent women; at their head is Mrs. Cox, who, for executive ability, for push, pluck and dash, is almost equal to our gifted Proprietor, S. B. A. Flint can boast the best Shakspeare Library in the country, and Coldwater the best private gallery of pictures outside of New York. This gallery, owned by Mr. Lewis, a gentleman of wealth and culture, is opened every Saturday for the benefit of the public. Among some of the finest pictures are "Raphael's Transfiguration," copied by Gavini; "Christ and the Woman of Samaria at the Well," original by Correggio; "A Portrait of Raphael," by himself; "Guido's Aurora;" "Canova's Venus," and "Dante and Beatrice," by Ary Scheffer, a French artist. The latter is, to me, the most beautiful and impressive picture I ever saw. It represents my ideal of the true character and position of the mother of the race; tall, majestic, self-poised, standing alone, and erect, gazing into the heavens, as if to draw her inspiration from the Great Soul of Truth, and not as usually represented, leaning bashfully on some man's bosom, gazing timidly into his eyes, head one side, as if saying, "God is thy law, thou mine."

On the way to Jackson, had the pleasure of a a chat with Mrs. Stone from Kalamazoo to Marshall. She talked eloquently of the starved condition in which women's minds have been kept through the centuries, and the blissful dreaming of the new day now close at hand. She stated many encouraging facts of the general awaking among women of all classes and ages, to a higher *self-respect*, a virtue most lamentably lacking in the masses to-day. At Marshall we met S. B. A. and Mr. O'Brien, the latter tall, stately and genial, as all the lecturers can testify who have had the good fortune to be invited to that pleasant town. There we discussed together the civil war, breeding in the Woman's Suffrage ranks, and came to the conclusion that the rebellion among the sisterhood in Boston was about as groundless as was that of "Miss South Carolina" in the late war, and like hers would finally be swallowed up by the Union forces. The contemptuous way in which Boston turns up her nose at the youthful mediator of the *Independent* and those in sympathy with his noble efforts for honorable peace, shows clearly that she despiseth all people who dwell not between Maine and Long Island Sound. Boston, no doubt, believes in the adage, "Old men for counsel, young men for war," forgetting that little David settled all the troubles in the time of Goliah, and that many a new-born babe that could only talk words of love has ended innumerable and long protracted domestic strifes and discords. I hope Theodore will not be overwhelmed with Boston's displeasure, nor Don Piatt's lithograph of his personal graces, for other Scripture than the *Woman's Journal* hath said, "Blessed are the peace makers," and other artists, both in canvass and marble, have revealed to the world the pleasant fact that the editor of the *Independent* is a remarkably fine looking young man. After a critical examination of their several productions (being acquainted with the original), I should pronounce the portrait of Page, or the bust by Miss Bradshaw, far more faithful and life-like than the late charcoal sketch from Washington by the pen of Don Piatt.

Of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Western New York next week. Adieu. E. C. S.

TO THE FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Of the importance and value of The Revolution to the cause of woman's elevation and enfranchisement, it is not necessary here to speak. Its history is its best argument and fullest assurance, under that head. It is now a hundred and twenty weeks old; and there are many public journals in the English language which have existed that number of years, and made fortunes for their proprietors and owners, and in all that time, have done less, as their own columns will show, to advance the interests of humanity, to rouse the public sentiment, to quicken the general conscience, or to inspire the popular heart to justice, to nobleness, to true, national virtue and honor, than has it alone in the brief period of its existence. Indeed it can almost be said to have been the discoverer of one hemisphere of humanity. Or, as east, to have reported to the world that such a hemisphere existed. The Revolution of 1776 gave us "*white male*" *citizenship*. The abolitionists and the secessionists, the former pulling, the other pushing, wrought out black male equality, but no party, no power has yet demanded justice, liberty, equality for woman.

Less than two years and a half ago, The Revolution entered the field with that demand. More than five thousand newspapers confronted it with almost general indifference, mockery, or malignity. In Congress, a democrat was found to move a measure favorable to the new demand, but most of the republicans told us it was done only in jest, and so was entitled to no confidence nor respect. Perhaps it was so. But unfortunately, the republican party has done no better. Still, a mighty change has been wrought in the press and both the political parties, and of course in the popular sentiment which moulds or modifies them, as the wind swings the weather-cock

at the tops of the steeples. Literally, as well as metaphorically, the country has been immensely *Revolutionized*. Other newspapers, too, have since been undertaken, to advocate the same doctrine, not always, as has been proved, with friendly intent to THE REVOLUTION, but we have had no occasion, still less disposition, to strike back, and so each and all have done their own work in their own chosen way. And hundreds, if not thousands, of other public journals, political, pictorial, literary and religious, have openly, boldly and ably espoused the cause we advocate, until, as with anti-slavery before the rebellion, the whole country is a debating club. And Woman Suffrage (Freedom in sublimer form) is the question at issue.

May not THE REVOLUTION at this time renewedly present its claims to a far wider patronage than hitherto it has received? Its friends, as is well known, are a multitude that no man can number, but they are not all its patrons and subscribers. It has never made one special, well-directed and vigorous effort to increase its circulation. It has relied too much, perhaps, on the goodness of its cause and the generosity of its friends. It has been too well satisfied with its moral results to be even properly and suitably careful about its more material and moneyed affairs. Inaugurated originally, to subserve a mighty moral purpose, to complete, indeed, the grand and glorious conquest for freedom which originated not at Lexington and Bunker Hill, but in the bosom of nature and the heart of God, it was too sure of victory to its purpose, to be worldly wise for itself; and so, though it has even in material things also, been a wondrous success, it has still need of wider circulation, more generous support, and makes this new appeal in view of the approaching Anniversary and the mustering of the hosts to Council, for great increase to its list of paying subscribers. It has no new pledges nor promises to make to its friends. Its past, at least, is secure, and there seems no need nor prospect that its future should in any way reproach the past.

Cannot every local society, every central committee aid in the work herein proposed? Here and there such have been found to have done much, enough to ensure what may be done in this way by the proper effort. It has been a specialty with THE REVOLUTION to know and to expose the fearful injustice done to woman school teachers as to compensation. And there are women teachers enough in the country to support richly, a newspaper, would they but subscribe for it, had it no other patronage. Every individual subscriber, it would seem, might procure at least one other, and that alone would double the present list. And everybody might help in some way. No truly Reform journal ever made its owner rich. None ever can. It can only become popular by the triumph of its principles, and then it is no longer needed. Let every well-wisher to the cause, every earnest worker in it, keep this in mind when making out the list of newspapers to be continued or subscribed for in the current year.

P. P.

MORE MINISTERIAL OPPOSITION.—Concord, N. H., is getting well awake to the cause of Woman Suffrage, thanks to a Congregational clergyman, Rev. P. L. Blake. He improved "Fast day" to preach against and prevent the keeping of such a Fast as, according to Isaiah and other good authorities, God hath chosen "to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke." Just so did a multitude of ministers, thirty years ago, about chattel slavery. They declared if slavery was not supported by the bible and sanctified by divine authority and approval, then nothing was taught in the bible, and the whole book, old testament and new, was a delusion, a lie and a libel upon God. And now here is a minister preaching just as falsely and foolishly about the enslavement of woman. Let him wait another thirty years and see where his logic will land him on that subject also.

A HERO AND MOTHER OF HEROES.

THOSE who knew John Brown and his band of young braves, may remember that among them were Edwin and Barclay Coppuck—the former was executed with his noble captain, the latter survived and was a captain in the war of the rebellion and was killed by a railroad disaster, between St. Louis and Leavenworth. Their mother is still living, a venerable and worthy Quaker woman, in Springdale, Iowa, and here is what she writes to Miss Anthony under date 4th mo., 15th, 1870.

I do thank somebody very much for THE REVOLUTION. And its principles are taking root here in Iowa. When I was young, no matter what I or other women suffered, we had to swallow it all in silence. But now, in my sixty-sixth year, woman's wrongs and rights are proclaimed on the house tops.

The people of Iowa City and vicinity were very sorry that E. C. Stanton did not get there, and had they heard of it in time to send for her they would have done so. Our last Legislature granted us our rights in the professional and medical line, and did what they could towards the Suffrage, but the state legislature, convening only biennially, will put it off, so that many of us may leave this world before we are manumitted. I correspond with an intelligent English young lady in Boston, who sends me papers. In her last, was a copy of a petition the women had got up asking Parliament to repeal one of the most abominable and oppressive laws on the women I think that the world ever beheld. I did not know that civilized men could be so mean and vile. But English women are getting awake to their rights as well as the rest of the world.

Our esteemed friend (Ann L. Raley is her name) probably refers to the Contagious Diseases Acts; and certainly she does not overestimate their infamy nor the quality of the government which enacted and executes them.

P. P.

A PEACE MAKER.—Thomas Haskell, of Gloucester, Mass., writes to say that he has long belonged to the Universal Peace Society, and is glad to see the attempt made to unite all the friends of Woman Suffrage under one banner, not knowing or having heard of anything on either side that should not have been borne with Christian forbearance. "I am reminded," he says, "of St. Mark, 9 chap. 33 to 37th, where we read of a dispute about who should be greatest; and it grieves me to see some of those whom I have esteemed as my best friends, treating with ridicule and contempt those who are trying to unite such as are laboring in the glorious cause, not knowing why there should be any division. It was necessary that there should be a Judas to betray Jesus into the hands of a wicked church, that they might put him to death to establish his doctrine upon an immovable foundation. But I have faith to believe that if the women can have an equal share with men in the administration of public affairs, it will not be long before we shall have a Congress of Nations to arbitrate on all national disputes and differences, and then all war, all causes of war, and all preparations for war, will be done away."

MISS MATTIE M. GRIFFITH.—This talented young woman is lecturing in Iowa and other states beyond the Mississippi to most excellent purpose. Her lectures comprise a variety of subjects, all of which she appears to treat with the hand of a master. Should Women Vote? (which she answers affirmatively), is the theme of one of her lectures, and Temperance another. She lectured last week on the latter subject in Council Bluffs, and here is what the *Evening Times* said about it:

Last evening, although it was dark, with the prospect of a storm, the 2d M. E. Church was packed to repletion with a highly fashionable and most intelligent audience. Miss Griffith does not bore her listeners with a half-hour's apology at the opening, as is the case with many public speakers. She entered at once upon her theme, "Toward the Source," and for nearly two hours held the attention of her hearers. She pointed out the awful effects of the destroying evil, Intemperance, in finely expressed language. Her words at times were those of burning eloquence, and the great truths of her argument brought tears to many eyes. There is no ranting, no tragic stage business, but simply an unaffected, earnest address which often reaches the sublime, holding the audience spell bound, or drawing forth rapturous applause. She seemed to be inspired with her own eloquence. Her language is beautiful in the extreme, but not chosen for effect. In listening to her last night, we were forced to believe that her words were the outpourings of a strongly sympathetic, earnest heart, whose great aim is to prevent the curse of intemperance from spreading, to check the appalling evil right here, before it has made more poverty, more wretchedness, more misery and more crime. Miss Griffith's star is in the ascendency, and we predict that even Olive Logan or Anna Dickinson, will not lead the van as public lady speakers, one year hence.

WERE women permitted to vote it is probable that an outcry would be raised against our tariff iniquity which would not only lead to its abolishment, but to a sifting of the whole system which would leave but little of it. One of "the descendants of the Pilgrims," living not far from wherewooden nutmegs and basswood hams are manufactured, has an establishment for making corsets; and has been lobbying Congress all winter to have the tariff on these articles increased. In the debate on the tariff on Friday, a motion was made and carried that a duty of $3 per dozen on corsets be added to the bill; and, thus, the interests of a single manufacturer weighed more heavily with Congress than those of all the ladies in the country. The large number of female clerks appointed in the different departments at Washington, has given the ruling party's reputation for gallantry; but the vote on this question, and the heavy tariff on all articles of ladies' wear, will be likely to bring the dear creatures into the democratic ranks by the time Stanton, Anthony & Co., secure the ballot for their sex. Up with the Sixteenth Amendment, and down with the tariff!—*Chicago Times.*

Yes, all these great national questions have a moral as well as material bearing, and woman would be quick to perceive the moral phase of the free trade question. She would see that the interests of consumers demanded abundance rather than scarcity, no matter where nor how their wants were supplied. With woman's quick intuitions she would soon see through all Mr. Greeley's sophisms. As to the corsets, however, the scarcer they are the better, for they are killing all our girls by inches.

SCHOOL TEACHERS WAGES.—A Michigan school teacher writes of her town that there are three men and sixteen women employed as teachers. The men receive 120, 75 and 60 dollars a month, the women 30 dollars. The writer says she does just twice the work of the 60 dollar masculine, and exactly the same as does he of the 75 dollar salary. The wonder is that such a town should employ them at all. Where women can thus be made to work for barely food and raiment ("victuals and clothes," in old parlance) why throw away money on men at *a hundred and twenty dollars a month*? It is prodigality!

Editorial Correspondence.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., April 19th, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Election is over with its strife and its corruptions. The republicans have won a victory. Some few facts I have gleaned in relation to it. One man talking politics in presence of his wife, allowed it to leak out that he was going to vote the democratic ticket. Woman like, she said, "Now what you gwine to vote that way fur." "Cors, in my judgment that's the way and the right way." "Sam, you knows better." "You knows he is no friend to colored folks." "That's all you knows about it." "Wall, Sam, if you votes that ticket I shall jest quit." "No you won't—you got no money." "Sam, I hasn't washed all winter for nothin', I can tell you."

The woman took measures to learn just how Sam voted, and the next day she was missing, and he was threatning to kill her if he found her.

Another man brought home a bag of flour and some other necessaries when the wife, suspecting something wrong, asked, "What are these for?" "Oh, Mr. —— wants my vote." "You old fool, think I gwine to let you vote as he says?" "That thar flour shan't stay here"—and the woman actually threw the flour into the *street, and walked beside her husband to the* polls with the corruptor on the other side, talking large and loud—but the woman triumphed.

These are not isolated cases, but are given to show that the republican victories of the south are owing largely to the quicker instincts of women for the right. It is certain that there is much greater evidence that man may degenerate and go *down* to the level of gorillas, monkies, and apes, than that he has developed from them *up* to his present state.

Yonder comes a native Floridian, under size, stooping shoulders, loose joints, a poor, shuffling gait; head the size of an apple, yellow, grey complexion, hair lank, and only a shade darker, pale blue eyes, set in yellow, with no iris. His shoes are guiltless of uppers, his trowsers of suspenders, his coat of buttons, and his hat of more than half a brim. To his cart is tied with ropes a small steer or perhaps a little cow—and his load, brought ten, fifteen, sometimes even forty miles, consists of a few eggs and chickens, and sometimes a pig. He takes home some tobacco, whiskey and meal. Talk with him five minutes and you learn that he is a descendant of the F. F.'s. but he can neither read nor write, and scarcely knows his right hand from his left. The manner in which this class live, the amount of whiskey and tobacco consumed among them, with their wretched diet and their filthy hovels, show the marvelous adaptability of the human system to the vicissitudes of life. Alligators would die in their infancy if the laws which govern them were as flagrantly violated as are those which govern the humans, I was about to say of this class, but on reflection they are not alone in their outrages upon nature, but these men, be it remembered, are all voters, all lawgivers, of the state of Florida, the "*sovereign people!*"

Mr. Thomson, a returned missionary from Liberia, who has now a church in this city, called a few days since and gave us some very interesting facts in relation to the colonies. It seems there are only about fifteen thousand colonists (African-Americano's) about five thousand natives, and one or two hundred white men who have gone there, as everywhere, to speculate. With these it became a habit to take wives and have families, and when ready to go, gather up their effects and leave the women and children dependent on the colony. The colonists seeing the evil, enacted a statute making these marriages legal, thus legitimising the children. Also, that all real estate be held by the women of such marriages, in fee simple. The white man can neither sell, deed nor mortgage real estate. It is solely the wives'. They are also a disfranchised class, for the colonists saw that the love of power in the white race was so great that though in a minority, they would get the control if they were voters. Another statute makes the seducer's crime as great as the seduced and a child of such connection is legitimised where both parties are single, of whatever color.

The colonists have watched with interest the discussion of the Fifteenth Amendment, and resolved that if ratified by Congress, they would enfranchise this class for whom they have so long legislated. Their women, the superiors of these men in intelligence, in morals, and right of primogeniture, are to wait till these subordinates are educated up to the point of permitting them to exercise their inherent rights.

Mrs. Frances Harper has been lecturing to her own people through Georgia, South Carolina, and is now in Florida. Her practical good sense, her gentle, refined manners and cultivation are just what are needed for this people. If she could be supported by some of our many philanthropical organizations, so that her lectures could be free, her work would be far more effective; for the people are not yet ready or able to pay for knowledge; and eloquence, such as they best comprehend, is cheap among them. Mrs. Harper read a poem on the Fifteenth Amendment, which had the genuine ring of poetry in it, as well as the loving enthusiasm of her heart for her race. Devoted as is this gifted woman, she meets sneers and gibes from the men of her color, who tell her that there is something wanting in a woman's brain to make her a man's equal.

The sons and daughters of temperance have just had an excursion into the city and down the river to the bar. Five hundred in all, they came out with banners and music, a new thing for this state, but small as is the beginning, it is a prophesy of future good. A year ago the organization was formed in the city with only ten members.

The Hutchinsons have been here charming and winning new people and refreshing old friends with their sweet songs. Their kind, loving spirits, with their steady integrity of principle will do more toward reorganizing, and harmonizing society than all the carpet-baggers will ever do. One is led to wonder, if in all pioneer life there is no way to get free of this class, that remind one of the turkey-buzzard* scenting their prey from afar, and flocking to it, not only ready to devour that, but to tear and rend each other.

After weary weeks of illness, we bid farewell to the beloved St. John's and turn our faces northward. Numerous friends accompany us to the steamer. We find the saloon filled, and here, as everywhere, the sectional feeling is manifest. General Lee and daughter are attended by their friends. The ladies of the old regimé come to be presented to him. They are quiet and sad looking; no joyous laughter, no gay badinage meets the stately old gentleman, they shake his hand and lay their offering of flowers on the table. Again music gives its hallowed influence. The quartette on the deck sing their tenderest and most touching songs. At first, only old and new friends are gathered about them, but soon those pale, delicate, quiet women, who are rarely seen anywhere, save in the churches, steal out, one by one on to the moonlighted deck. Miss Lee sits near us and listens with an expression of pleasure. At last the General sits alone with a white rose in his hand, a sad and stricken man. A perfectly plain citizens dress, a bowed grey head, a weary walk; such is the man who only a little more than six years ago led the rebel forces almost to success.

We have met and talked with many of the old residents of the south, officers of the army, and ladies. Many of them are interested in our movement, and if it is but presented by the right persons here, it will soon take a stronghold of the people.

The one grand evil to be lamented here, as at the north, is the intense sectionalism. Instead of pride and love for our whole country, so large that it is washed on either side by the great oceans and traversed by the mightiest of rivers, they narrow themselves to petty states and cities and keep alive animosities and hatred by flaunting in each other's faces their little superiorities, which, after all, amount to very little, for each possesses what the other lacks, and the war is as unreasonable as the everlasting discussion about superiority of sex, each as incomplete in itself as the half of a pair of scissors, good for nothing, but to scrape trenchers, and by the way the political economies of the government indicate that there has been scraping enough done, and that it is time fully for the use of the two halves of the scissors to cut and trim properly.

Brunswick, Georgia—Where the last cargo of slaves were landed and where the remnants still are, speaking an unintelligible gibberish, benighted heathen in every sense—they are the mission work for the next generation. Here we rest and wait for warmer winds from the north.

Au revoir. F. W. D.

WHO OPPOSE

No opposition to the Woman Suffrage movement is more bitter, more sarcastic, more malignant than that of the religious press. And the more evangelical the more hostile, with but few exceptions. The Wyoming jurywomen have had a specialty of this sort of recognition. And probably not one of this class of journals has copied a word of the following, which several of the secular papers have printed with sincere approval. It is taken from the Laramie *Sentinel*, Laramie being the place where the murder trial was enacted.

> A little circumstance connected with the late term of Court comes to our knowledge, which we are inclined to make public, even at the risk of betraying confidence. During the long and tedious Bowie murder trial, the jury, of whom one-half were ladies, were not permitted to separate and go to their homes, but were, under the charge of bailiffs (one lady and one gentleman), taken to the hotel for their meals, and lodging was provided for them in the adjoining parlors, each under the charge of their bailiff. And here, every morning during the trial, upon arising from their beds, these ladies knelt together, and, like the child Solomon, asked wisdom of God to enable them to properly and wisely discharge their new and arduous duties. While their male associates were engaged in boisterous mirth, and trifling levity, they, with the full consciousness of the responsibility resting upon them, were seeking aid at the throne of the All-wise.

OFFICE of THE REVOLUTION, 27 Chatham st

THE "WORKING WOMAN."

A Sign of the Times.—One of the very best signs of the times is found in the fact that quite a number of educated and intelligent young American girls are applying for admission into families as nurses and to do up-stairs work. They have found sewing hurtful and unremunerative, and have conquered that dislike to domestic service, which young American girls so generally feel, sufficiently to make a trial of its possibilities.

We hope housekeepers will so far appreciate their courage and willingness as to afford all the encouragement possible in their undertakings. A superior class of nurses and domestics is just what American housekeeping needs, if the ladies of the family cannot "do their own work," as the phrase goes, and our great, generous, well-provided homes are the proper refuge for young American women who need shelter and employment.

Equal Right in the Income.—The protection that married women need is an equal right in the income with the husbands, nothing less than this can afford them satisfaction in the present, or a guarantee for the future.

It is particularly necessary for the great middle class, that army of women who marry their husbands poor, and assist them to become rich, the hard-working, devoted women, who wear out the best years of their lives in bearing and rearing a family, in struggles with poverty, only to see, when success has crowned united effort, the means they have helped to gain squandered in speculations, or something worse, and perhaps themselves set aside for women whose only claim to consideration is their loss of every womanly grace and virtue.

Very poor women are the natural disbursers of the family funds, the wages of the sober, steady laboring man, or mechanic are every Saturday night poured into his wife's lap, and it goes hard if her economy does not, out of the pittance provide comfortably for the family, and save something for the "rainy" day.

Rich women and their children are provided for by the care of parents and relatives, by inherited fortunes, or the "pin" money exacted as a marriage settlement from their husbands, but middle-class women are destitute of all these sources of income and independence. Their husbands are in business, or upon a salary, and generally have tastes far beyond their means of gratification. They married in accordance with the law of nature, but they secretly and often openly chafe at everything which interferes with their accustomed pleasures, or their freedom in pursuing them, totally oblivious, apparently, to the miserable monotony of the lives to which their wives are condemned.

An equal right in the income, and in the accumulation from the income, is only justice to such women, and women almost deserve their misfortunes who marry without securing it.

The Girls' Co-operative Collar Co.—A private letter from Kate Mullany, President of the "Laundry Union and Co-operative Collar Co.," of Troy, New York, says:

> I write to know what the ladies are doing in the way of taking the stock for our company. We are getting started now. We have enough subscribed to begin with, and we are starting up with a good prospect of getting a quick sale for our goods as soon as we have got them ready for the market. Of course, we depend altogether on the working people of the country, and on the people who are able and willing to help working girls and wish to see them get along. Yours, Kate Mullany,
>
> President Collar Laundry Union.

The stock is five dollars per share, and is only an investment, which will directly benefit working girls, not a charity. The interest will be regularly paid, and the stock bought in by the girls themselves as soon as possible. Any person wishing to subscribe for one share or more can address a note to Kate Mullany, President of the Troy Laundry Union.

Mangling.—A perfectly unoccupied field for poor women, and one that is worked to great advantage in Europe, consists in the establishment of private Mangles. In England, the ironing of a family is never all done at home; sheets, towels, napkins, pillow-cases, and plain underclothing of all kinds are taken to the "Mangle," which exists upon every street corner, and only the fine-starched clothes remain to be ironed at home.

A Woman Soldier.—The Hospital of the Invalids, in Paris, has sheltered for fifty years a female soldier, "Lieutenant Madame Bulan," now 92 years old, decorated by Napoleon's own hand with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and credited with "seven years' service, three wounds, several times distinguished, especially in Corsica, in defending a fort against the English."

Plain Talk.—That earnest advocate of the political elevation of woman, the *Pioneer*, talks very plainly now and then, as for instance "Not satisfied with this, they waylay women and children, and induce them to accept of their vile money for their more vile lust. This is all man-made laws have left to keep thousands of women and children from starvation."

The Stronger Sex.—The Iowa *State Register* records the story of six young ladies attending college at Grinnell, who recently started from that city and walked to Brooklyn, a distance of twelve miles. After their return by the railroad they spent the evening at a sociable, showing no signs of fatigue.

A Woman Broker.—They have a woman insurance broker in Elmira, N. Y., who has for a long time been plying her business with energy and patience. She makes no splurge, but goes on with her business like a man. She don't want to vote, but she wants to get her bread and butter.

Testimonial to a Woman.—Before the Iowa House of Representatives adjourned, Miss Spencer, the engrossing clerk, was presented, in behalf of the members, with a splendid silver tea set. The lady replied in a very neat speech, brimful of genuine gratefulness.

Women in Sabbath Schools.—In Winterset, Iowa, they have adopted the plan of having women make addresses to the Sabbath Schools, believing that mothers and sisters know best how to interest children.

A Democratic Candidate.—Miss Mary A. Hall was elected one of the school committee at East Machias, Maine. She was nominated and supported by the Democrats.

Good.—Mrs. Smith & Husband is the style of a Terre Haute firm.

Money by Millions for Gambling, Not Labor, Insult!—Warrington of the Springfield *Republican*, writing from the State House in Boston tells such a story as the following about the treatment of the two classes of applicants to the legislature for state aid:

> The other day while the Boston, Hartford and Erie railroad conspirators were in the green room, asking for another gift of five million dollars, Miss Phelps and two or three other women met the committee on public charitable institutions in a small room below, to ask for some relief for the working women. They presented a bill which "Templeton," my friend of the Hartford *Courant*, satirizes as uncouth and impracticable; but if Miss Phelps had money enough to employ counsel like Mr. Dana and Mr. Ingalls of the railroad, she could get a plan which would make a respectable appearance; and, on the whole, I think Miss Phelps herself, and the other female lobbyists make quite as respectably moral an appearance as the crowd of female lobbyists who infest the neighborhood of my friend's seat whenever legislation goes on in the Senate chamber. Why should one of his brother Senators exclaim, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" when poor Miss Phelps asks for a small sum for garden homesteads, and listen without a sneer or an exclamation when Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Healy and Mr. Farwell ask for millions of dollars more for gambling speculations? Even as an illustration of the absurdity of Woman Suffrage I do not think the presence of the female lobby here is a conclusive argument against it, when we contemplate the male lobby. Yesterday we had a remonstrance, got up by Edward Hamilton, and signed by officers of a workingmen's union, against Suffrage for women. It appeared from a cursory reading to be composed of the usual clap-trap.

Lack of Faith.—The *World* numbers our discouragements and thinks we are meeting with but indifferent success, because Mr. Julian, who introduced the Sixteenth Amendment, is defeated (though by no means for that reason); the Minnesota legislature has passed a Woman's Suffrage bill which was vetoed by the governor; and now, it adds, here comes Massachusetts to vote squarely down a proposition to enfranchise the fair sex. The *World* don't understand the philosophy of human reform and growth. The Suffrage cause needs those drawbacks as much as vegetation needs wind and storm to spike its roots down into the firm earth. We needed defeats in the late war to make even President Lincoln and his party see what was the real cause of the war, and how that cause must be considered and disposed of, in order to peace and to preservation of the national life. The democratic party needs and has defeat and discomfiture even unto this day; and it will, until it also learns that purity must precede peace, and justice go before victory.

SUFFRAGE CONVENTION IN OHIO.

It is good to find that such men as H. B. Benton, President of the Alliance College, Ohio, come forward as champions of Woman's Suffrage. The prominent position of this gentleman, connected with the fact of his having the training of youth in his hands, makes him a powerful ally in dispersing the mist, already rapidly disappearing, which has heretofore enveloped this Heaven-born Right of woman.

Below is a part of the proceedings of the Convention from the *Alliance Monitor*, edited by Mrs. McC. Brown:

> The Woman's Suffrage Convention met in the Opera Hall, Alliance, Ohio, yesterday at 2 o'clock p.m. Was called to order by Mrs. R. M. Tracy Cutler, of Cleveland. Vice-Presidents—Rev. J. Boggs, Mrs. Lucas, Jacob Beaton and Miss Mary Neal. Secretary—E. Camp. The object of the Convention was the organization of a District Society for the more efficient furtherance of the Woman's Suffrage movement. The following are a part of the resolutions ably discussed and acted upon:
>
> "Resolved, That the doctrine of human rights as taught by our forefathers in the Declaration of Independence is the only just and equitable foundation on which human government can rest, and that any important deviation therefrom has been fraught with injury to both the oppressor and the oppressed."
>
> Passed.
>
> "Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment having been ratified, and the right of Suffrage given to colored men, we now ask a Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, giving to women the right of Suffrage."
>
> Convention adjourned to meet again at the call of the Executive Committee.
>
> The Convention was very ably addressed in the evening by President Benton, on the intellectual ability of women, and by Mrs. Cutler on the causes of physical debility.

The National Agitator is the name of a new weekly journal to be published by George P. Bogat, at 19 Warren st., New York; and from its announcement, it seems to be not inappropriately named. Among other good causes to be advocated as well as agitated, are Temperance and Woman's Right of Suffrage.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I send you the following, cut from this morning's *Republican*:

The Universal Franchise Association met last evening at Union League Hall, with Mrs. Griffing in the chair.

The committee on lectures reported the net proceeds of the lecture of Miss Anna Dickinson as $300.

Mrs. Griffing, Mrs. Lockwood and Mrs. Colby were appointed delegates to the National Woman's Suffrage Convention to be held in New York May 10.

A committee of five were appointed to draw up resolutions and wait upon members of Congress therewith and to make such other arrangements as to have the sentiments of the association brought before Congress, and especially before the two committees on the District of Columbia, as to the interests of the association and the proposed territorial bill.

Several speeches were made in response to calls from the chair. The speakers took great courage they said from the past progress which the principles of this association have lately attained in Wyoming and other portions of the country.

Especial stress was laid upon the value of the efforts of this association in curtailing drinking and gambling saloons.

The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the committee of management.

Our meeting last night was an interesting one and gave evidence of the deep hold the Woman question has upon all sensible progressive people.

The committtee of five noted in the above will work to have the word *male* stricken from the terrtorial bill now before the Senate, which proposes to give this district a governor, council, etc.

We shall continue to agitate until victory crowns the cause.

Poor old mouldy Massachusetts! we did not expect much from the sons whose fathers bared women to their waists and whipped them through the streets of her towns. A people who pride themselves upon their intolerance never step forward. They may preach, but practice is not taught in their schools.

In great haste, R. A. COLBY.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

UNDER this head, Rev. J. W. Henley writes from Cincinnati to show that the Universalists were first, as a denomination, to omit the word "*obey*," addressed to the bride in the Marriage Formula, and that the Methodists only followed their good example. Mr. Henley says:

Upon page 163 of the "Gospel Liturgy, a Prayer Book for Churches, Congregations and Families," and "Prepared in 1857, under direction of the General Convention of Universalists," will be found the question to be propounded to the woman in the marriage ceremony: "In the presence of the Lord [and of these witnesses] you do take this man to be your HUSBAND, promising to love, honor and cherish him, and in all things to be unto him a faithful wife, so long as you both shall live?" The same question is proposed to the man, substituting the words "woman," "husband" and "wife" in their proper places.

I would say, furthermore, that in the Universalist Church there is a practical ignoring of distinction in regard to sex, as women are elected to fill any and all positions of honor and duty, from the pulpit to that of sexton, and have equal rights in all church meetings, and I know of no considerable opposition to her occupying *any position for which her talents fit her.*

A VIRGINIA WOMAN'S OPINION.—The *Home Journal* of a recent date contained the following on the proprietor of THE REVOLUTION:

Mrs. Bennett (known for her talents, and admired for her beauty, as Martha Haines Butt), away off in Norfolk, Va., is "drawn out" by the recent birthday celebration of Miss Anthony, and thus writes: "Before leaving New York I called on Miss Susan B. Anthony, and found nothing 'formidable' in her, as some would have us believe. She is exceedingly lady-like in her manner, intellectual in appearance, racy and piquant in conversation, and altogether very loveable." The *Journal* adds, this is something of a compliment to Miss Anthony, coming, as it does, from one of her own sex; but Mrs. Bennett, on account of her mental and rare personal attractions, can well afford to be complimentary.

MISS ANTHONY IN LANSING, MICH.—Extract of a letter dated April 16, 1870:

"A Lansing audience listened last night, for the first time, to Susan B. Anthony, and I hasten this morning to tell you how delighted and completely stirred up we were by her powerful illustrations and arguments.

"American women ought to thank God every day for Susan B. Anthony, and ask that life and health may be granted her to see this life-work of her's in their behalf a complete success. I had learned to admire her myself, through THE REVOLUTION. So attached have my husband and I become to her paper that we will not do without it. Although my own wants are well supplied by a kind and generous husband, yet I do not forget the many thousands dependent on their own exertions for sustenance, which is made so scanty by the injustice of our own kindred who have all the power in their own hands. To ever be a friend and helper in the work of righting wrongs, especially the wrongs of my own sex, is the firm resolution of

"Yours, most truly, H. LOUISE MEAD."

MR. JOHNSTON'S CONCERT.—The concert of Mr. R. J. Johnston, a member of the Harmonic Society, given last Friday evening at the church corner of Lexington avenue and Fifty-first street, was every way a marked success in all but audience, and it was said there were good local reasons for that exception. Mrs. Hess certainly sang magnificently; so did the others, especially Miss Johnston, and she needs only confidence, a little more faith in herself, to take rank among the first vocalists of the day, as she does already among music teachers, and as teacher in one of the city schools.

SOPHIA GAIL was the amiable wife of the celebrated Professor Gail, who contributed so greatly towards making the study of Greek popular in France. Madame Gail was born about 1779, and died at Paris in 1819. For the arts, and particularly for music, she manifested an early taste, and *she began to compose when she was not more than twelve years of age.* Among her principal compositions are the operas of "The Jealous Pair," "Madamoiselle de Lannay in the Bastile," and "The Serenade."

ELIZABETH GRIFFITHS was a native of Wales, born about 1730. She married a gentleman of small fortune in Ireland, partly in conjunction with whom she wrote two novels "Delicate Distress," and the "Gordian Knot." She likewise produced several works of her sole composition, among which are "Lady Juliana Harley," "The Morality of Shakspeare's Dramas Illustrated," and some plays. The beautiful letters, elegant and chaste, called "The Letters of Henry and Frances," are said to be the correspondence between herself and her husband. She died in 1793.

SOUTHERN MAGNANIMITY.—The New Orleans *Standard* copies, at length, the Call for the National Woman's Suffrage Anniversary on the 10th of May.

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association will hold its regular annual meeting in COOPER INSTITUTE New York, on Tuesday the 10th of May, next beginning at ten o'clock a. m., and continuing, probably, through Wednesday and Thursday.

The various Woman Suffrage Associations throughout this country, and the Old World, are invited to send delegates to this Convention prepared to report the progress of our movement in their respective localities. And, in order that this annual meeting may be the expression of the whole people, we further ask every friend of Woman Suffrage to consider himself or herself personally invited to attend *and take part in its discussions.*

With the political rights of woman secured in the Territories of Utah and Wyoming—with the agitation of the question in the various State Legislatures, with the proposition to strike the word "male" from the state constitution of Vermont—with New York, New England and the great West well organized, we are confident that our leading political parties will soon see that their own interest and the highest interests of the country require them to recognize our claim.

The Executive Committee recommend the friends of Woman's Suffrage, everywhere, to concentrate their efforts upon the work of securing a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution that shall prohibit any state from disfranchising any of its citizens on account of sex. Therefore, we ask the delegates and friends to come to this May Anniversary with practical suggestions as to how this work shall be done.

The following are among the speakers already secured for the occasion: Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Rev. Olympia Brown, Ct.; E. H. Heywood and Jennie Collins, Mass.; M. Adele Hazlitt, Mich.; Mrs. Frances Minor and Phoebe Cozzens, Mo.; Hon. Henry B. Stanton; Judge Barlow, Cannestota; Josephine S. Griffing, Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford, Lizzie M. Boynton, Maud D. Molson, Susan B. Anthony, Gen. E. M. Lee, Act. Gov. Wyoming; Hon. A. G. Riddle, Washington; Hon. Jas. W. Stillman, Rhode Island; Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Illinois; Hon. J. M. Scobell, New Jersey; Dr. James C. Jackson, New York; Mrs. Louise H. Dent, New York; Lillie Peckham, Wisconsin; Mrs. M. E. J. Gage, New York; Mrs. Dr. S. Hathaway, Boston; and S. D. Dillaye, Syracuse. The names of other distinguished speakers will be announced as fast as their answers are received.

Communications and contributions for this meeting should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.

CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Cor. Sec'y.
151 East 51st street, New York.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE, Chw'n Ex. Com.

MAINE MOVING:—An interesting letter next week from Mr. Neal, reporting a spirited meeting in Portland, and other Suffrage movements in the Pine Tree state.

NEW YORK CITY WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.—Its next weekly meeting will be held at the residence of Mrs. Kane, No 257 W. 24th st. at 2½ p.m. All ladies invited.

From the Hartford (Ct.) Courant.

Next to peace there is nothing so good as a lively fight. Death before stagnation. If any one supposed that the Woman's Rights movement was to get on in a fashion altogether millennial, that it was either to succeed or fail as "slick as ile," that person did not know human nature, to say nothing of woman nature. Positive people, very much in earnest for any cause or for their own glory, cannot go along in any undertaking without more or less friction. There was never any livelier assembly in the world than an old fashioned abolition convention, with its speakers of both sexes and all colors, all radical and all individual, all striking fire at the same moment. We find the same people, to a great extent, in the movement of Woman's Rights, and we may expect the same assertion of individual peculiarities.

It is our present business to chronicle. As between New York and Boston, and Cleveland on top of them, to say nothing of the wrath of Chicago, we can only wait and wonder, and yet we do not so much wonder, for it is a day of constant aggregation and dissolution of societies and associations. Our readers perhaps know that there is a society in New York called the National Woman's Suffrage Association. It grew naturally out of the Equal Rights Association, which was run and represented by Susan B. Anthony. It was meant to take in everybody interested in the movement. It is not our fight, and, in one sense, none of our business, yet we cannot help believing, from all that we see, that Miss Anthony is unselfishness itself; that whatever personal motives others may have, she has none, and that so far as she, the working woman of the movement, is concerned, and so far as her paper, The Revolution, is concerned, anybody might have had control of both the National organization and the paper who would have used them in an unselfish way for the common object. Mrs. Lucy Stone, however, wanted another organization, and she got Boston to go with her in her effort. The Cleveland Convention and the American Woman's Suffrage Association resulted. And the *Woman's Journal* at Boston, is the organ of this movement.

Now Mr. Theodore Tilton and others, having, for aught we know, ulterior designs for a political party, the corner-stone of which shall be the Sixteenth Amendment, conceived the idea of uniting the National and the American societies, and called a conference for that purpose. The response to this was quite general, and the National Society, and almost everybody, except the few who manage the American, were willing to merge the two societies. But these few objected and the movement failed of its object. The convention, however, did organize a third society of which Mr. Tilton, after, we believe, Lucretia Mott had declined, was made president. Further steps may perhaps be taken at the May meetings. To outsiders there would seem to be no reason, except in personal ambition, why the different organizations should not unite in one.

And now Mr. Garrison, Mr. Higginson, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Livermore have addressed a very sharp letter to Mr. Tilton, reviewing the action in the premises, in terms that exhibit more personal feeling than anxiety for the general cause. So the matter now stands. Miss Anthony has the floor. We predict that she will take no unselfish advantage of it.

Don't overlook the Announcement at the head of the editorial column of the change of The Revolution office.

LITERARY.

The Victoria Magazine for April is at hand, able and interesting as usual. It has an eye almost of omnipresence for the interests of the cause in its own country, but seldom, if ever, looks beyond. Incidentally, however, in the April number, America gets recognition, but not its Woman Suffrage doctrines or doings. In a recent meeting of the Victoria Discussion Society, of which mention has already been made in The Revolution, Dr. Charles R. Drysdale read a paper of great interest and ability, as well as length, on *Medicine as a Profession for Women*, in which he referred to the United States and what has been done here for woman as a Student and Practitioner of Medicine, and paid court to the Philadelphia medical roughs who, last winter, forgot their decency, dignity and politeness when some young women entered the amphitheatre, in the following appropriate manner:

"The American newspapers, containing accounts of the efforts made by the medical students in Philadelphia College to break up the female class by insulting its members, reached us a month or two ago, and the disgraceful action created no little astonishment among the more liberal of the medical profession in London and Paris. We hoped for a time, that later journals would bring us some news of an apology being made by the professors to the ladies, or at least that some public rebuke would be administered by them to the young men, who had tended to lower the name of Americans as pretenders to the distinction of being a *polite* nation, at any rate among the medical profession. But, hitherto, we have not been able to see anything but the statement published in the papers by the professors.

"The conduct, however, of these Philadelphia students of medicine, differs only in degree from the treatment accorded, both in England and Scotland, to those women who have endeavored to get access to the medical schools of these countries. Fortunately we have not imitated our American cousins by insulting our lady applicants, indeed it would be a pity to take away, as an American says, a single leaf of the laurel of which they are, doubtless, justly proud. Although there has been a great opposition to the admission of women to the medical schools of England and Scotland, and England has been so successful in that opposition, that no woman has been as yet admitted into any of the schools of medicine, we have not thought it necessary to insult any of the ladies, *pour encourager les autres*. Defeat has been softened by civility."

Population—Its Law of Increase. By Nathaniel Allen, M.D., of Lowell, Mass. Lowell, Mass.: Stone & Huse, 21 Central street.

Here is a work of much more than ordinary value and *importance, from a source entitled to the highest consideration*. Dr. Allen has studied his subject as have few if any other students of it in the country. Patiently, toilsomely, he has pursued it for years, entering upon it, too, in the first place, with a thorough preparation to investigate, fathom and solve its most mysterious problems. The pamphlet before us is an address delivered at the meeting of the Western Social Science Association in Chicago, and now first given to the public through the press. In a subsequent discussion of the subject by the Association, after the delivery of the address, Rev. Dr. Beecher said, "The paper of Dr. Allen, if published at an expense of twenty thousand dollars, would return a thousand fold, so great are the underlying principles of our natural and national life, so ably treated in that document. Thirty-two better filled, or more handsomely printed pages on the questions involved, have not before been given to the country. And would even the American Tract Society purchase the copyright and scatter it everywhere, in cheap but readable form, it would be worth more to the human race than anything it ever published. It cannot be too highly recommended.

Putnam's Monthly for May has two or three superb articles, the best perhaps, *Our Political Degeneracy and its Remedy*, though this is not above criticism. In a general estimate, it may be just to compare our "Revolutionary" statesmen, our "post revolutionary" and our "tertiary period" statesmen as on a fearfully as well as relatively descending scale. But it is not just to place Daniel Webster of the second period above any of the third, and to say that "as a constitutionalist, he seems to shine the brighter with the lapse of time;" for surely on some great constitutional questions, he was at different periods on the different sides, like an attorney at the bar prosecuting, or defending, in precisely the same kind of cases to-day and to-morrow, just as he happens to be employed by his different clients. On the question of slave-breeding and slave-holding Mr. Webster certainly held and inculcated such constitutional doctrines as subsequently cost the nation the most stupendous calamity that ever scourged the human race. And had not the nation receded from such interpretations, it would to-day be reckoned and numbered, and most deservedly, too, with Sodom and Gomorrah! But as a whole, the article is excellent, and so is the May number of the magazine which contains it. Putnam & Son, corner 23d street and 4th avenue. $4 a year.

The Career of the Christ Idea in History. By Hudson Tuttle. Boston: Adams & Co., 25 Broomfield street.

A well made up and dressed volume of 160 pages. Its author is evidently a diligent student in theology and ecclesiastical history, ancient and modern; and in Greek, Roman, and still older mythology, as well. And with commendable courage and independence superadded, he has produced a volume to be commended to any whose mental and moral vision is not shingled over with the scales of prejudice, or who is not already too learned to invest farther in the treasures of knowledge and wisdom. Still, the book is insufficient and unsatisfying. Like some beverages, it rather provokes, than quenches thirst, though this may be its greatest recommendation. Whoever reads it, and the principal works to which it constantly refers, will never wonder at the conclusions which the author has reached.

The Utah Bill. Plea for Religious Liberty. A Speech delivered in the House of Representatives at Washington on the 23d March, 1870, by Hon. W. H. Hooper, Member from Utah. Washington: Press of Gibson Brothers.

Mormonism was probably never so ably vindicated before. In this defence of it against the attacks of Mr Cullom's bill, still before Congress, Mr. Hooper has at least shown abilities of the highest, the most enviable order, and temper and spirit worthy any cause, however pure and holy. Probably few persons are aware what powerful Scripture support can be adduced in its behalf. There is one feature of Mr Cullom's bill that commends it to the attention and indignation of every friend of Woman Suffrage, and that is, that it takes back again the right of Suffrage that has just been extended to woman there by territorial authority.

The Phrenological Journal and Packard's Monthly for May contains, among others, the following articles, many of which are illustrated: Hon. Samuel Merrill, Governor of Iowa, with portrait and character; Knowing, or Man and the World; Superstitions of different Tribes and Nations; Sketches from China; Eminent Engravers; Yale Sketches; Honesty; An Assassin, and his Victim—Prince Pierre Bonaparte and Victor Noir; Young Womanhood in America; Eleanor Kirk at the *Five Points*; To Dahomey and Back; Surnames and their Derivations, etc. Price 30 cents, or $3 a year. Address, S. R. Wells, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

Demorest's Monthly for April, it is said, surpasses itself. The fashion plates are always elaborate, and withal, elegant, if anything so grotesque as are many of the present styles of dress can be called elegant. The reading matter of the *Monthly* is better than formerly, indicating an edition suited to the time and place. Some of the articles, if not radical, are hopefully progressive; and probably the patronage of the work would not suffer the least were its tone even higher still. New York: 838 Broadway. $3 a year.

The Nursery. A monthly Magazine for Younger Readers. Boston: J. L. Shorey. $1.50 a year, in advance. Club rates—three copies for $4 a year; five copies for $6; each additional copy $1.30, always in advance; twenty copies for $20. Ordinary praise of this little work would seem rather to debase it. No children were ever so favored in the world as those who can possess it.

Helen Harlow's Vow. By Lois Waisbrooker, author of Suffrage for Women, etc., etc. Boston: Wm. White & Co., *Banner of Light* office. New York: American News Company, 119 Nassau street. "Dedicated to woman everywhere, and to wronged and outcast woman, especially;" a volume of almost 300 pages; price $1.50. See advertisement in the appropriate column.

Horrors of Vaccination. By Dr. [illegible]. *Quod eds, hoc facio.* New York: American News Company, 119 Nassau street. In form and appearance a most attractive pamphlet of 48 pages, which whoever reads and believes (and the believers are multiplying), will not wonder at the title.

THE NEW YORK TEACHER AND AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY—devoted to popular instruction and literature. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., 14 Bond street, New York. $1.50 per annum.

EARTH CLOSETS AND EARTH SEWERAGE. By George E. Waring, Jr. Very handsomely got up and illustrated by the New York *Tribune* Association. Price 50 cents, and well worth the money.

CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NATAL DAY OF ROBERT BURNS in New York, 25th January, 1870. New York: Read & Co. *Young America* Press, 1192 Broadway.

THE HOME MONTHLY—devoted to literature and religion. A. B. Stark, Editor. Nashville, Tennessee. $2 a year.

IN Pictorials, there are Appleton's *Journal*, not to be outdone, Harper's *Weekly* and Harper's *Bazar*, *Hearth and Home*, not to speak of the *Phrenological Journal*, *Demorest's*, and other Monthly Magazines, Illustrated, it might seem, regardless of cost to meet the popular demand, and whose merits are too many to name in these short columns. The *Plymouth Pulpit*, or Weekly (never weakly) Sermons, by Henry Ward Beecher, is another too important to pass unnamed, published at 39 Park Row, New York. And then the *Index*, another religious Journal, published in the interest of liberal religion, at Toledo, Ohio, at two dollars a year, and worthy the respect and support of every intelligent, every deeply reflecting, every honestly earnest and every liberated mind and soul, everywhere; edited by Rev. Francis Ellingwood Abbot, *minus* the *Rev.*, which, being interpreted, means a good deal more than *Rabbi*, a designation forbidden on very high authority, almost two thousand years ago; and which Mr. Abbott has discarded since he became a man and put away childish things; all these are on our table at this moment, and possibly others of equal value may be covered up by them. If the age be not enlightened, it will not be quantity of the kerosene, spiritual and intellectual, that is wanted, but some element of a different character.

THE LADIES OF SOROSIS will give a dramatic entertainment, in aid of the Artist Relief Fund, at the Union League Club Hall, on Friday evening, April 29th, at 8 o'clock, on which occasion will be performed Bernard's popular drama, LUCILLE. Lucille—Mrs. Clymer-Dietz; St. Cyr—Mr. R. F. Nelson; Julie—Miss Linda Dietz. Tickets may be obtained at the office of the Union League Club, and at the music stores.

ONE OF THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.—Somebody has written that without cleanliness there can be no godliness. Certainly cleanliness is the basis of morality. A late philosopher said, "tell me how much soap a nation uses, and I will tell you the percentage of her population yearly convicted of crimes." We hail reformers of all kinds—true reformers, we mean—as the *salt* of the earth. They are thus, for they keep a people from *spoiling*. Enoch Morgan's Sons, of New York, are now introducing something that goes beyond mere cleanliness: it not only cleans, but it polishes. They call it Sapolio, from the Latin *sapo*—soap; and this enterprising firm are, therefore, not mere moral reformers, but they are more, they refine or polish the nation, and under their administration we shall also become wiser people, for we shall have the means of reflection, and reflection brings wisdom. If our readers will turn to one of the advertisements of this house, wherein they set forth the merits of Sapolio, they will recognize how those who use it can get knowledge through reflection. The good housewife can see her honest face in the dingiest tin saucepan she owns in five minutes after the application of Sapolio. We, ourselves, tried it on a valuable but badly stained marble centre table, and it worked like magic. On iron and steel, on copper and brass household paraphernalia, we find it a remarkable agent for the removal of the results of oxydation. Heretofore, we have used to some extent acids for our copper boilers. This article not only supersedes that necessity, but also the use of rotten stone and Bath brick. We need hardly allude to its value for soiled paints, oil cloths, etc. Here it is unequalled. In short, no good housewife can afford to be without Sapolio, and of course no retail establishment to which housekeepers repair for their necessities will fail to keep it on sale. The man who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, was held worthy of a sceptre. A congress of good housewives would vote the inventor of Sapolio, which cleans and polishes also, not only worthy a sceptre, but a crown with it.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

SAFE LIGHT FOR OUR HOMES.—MR. EDITOR: Permit me to say a word in behalf of our firesides, at least where gas is not used, or if so, at an expense which is a burden.

We neither make nor sell the Lamp which we commend; we refer to Perkins and House's *Non-explosive Kerosene Lamp*. Prof. J. H. Seelye of Amherst College, was mainly instrumental in its introduction to the people of New England, because he saw in it a public blessing.

It is *perfectly safe*. Nothing that can be used for illumination will explode in it, while the light is exceedingly brilliant, steady, and is entirely inoffensive as to odor, and the expense less than one-half that of gas.

Messrs. Votaw & Montgomery of 19 Cortlandt street, N. Y., General Agents for the United States, are recent graduates of a New England college, and men of the highest character. The interest of the public in such protection to life, alone, rises above all mere business competition or profits; it has an importance solitary and unrivaled in its class; and these are sustained by the best names in the scientific and literary world.—*Congregationalist.*

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-machine six years without the least repairs, doing all my family sewing, consisting of coats, overcoats, pants, and vests, down to the finest sewing, even *patching* old coats and pants. Beside that I have earned six hundred dollars ($600) in the six years. I earned thirty dollars with one needle. Give me the Wheeler & Wilson in preference to all others.

New Milford, Ct. MRS. LUCY DURGY.

Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible to their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.]

GREENBACKS FOREVER.

USURY LAWS which forbid the collection of the principal, if the creditor has received usury; which oblige honest, law-abiding citizens to invest their own money, or take the legal interest; while they enable all willing to trample on the law or go around its provisions to receive double the rate of interest that strictly honest brokers receive, since they are practically unjust laws, and favor only those who are willing to disregard them, and particularly oppress those who are obliged to borrow money at more than legal rates, since scrupulously honest lenders of money, representing by far the largest amount of capital, are not allowed to compete with the less scrupulous in making rates of interest. Now, apply these principles to the resolutions to the New England Labor Reform League—published in THE REVOLUTION of February 10—and you will see their doctrine is farther from the truth than the usury laws.

To say nothing of the perfect impossibility of putting a single doctrine of these resolutions in practice, we will run the fundamental (3d resolution) repudiating the public debt, through a few of the logical sequences legitimately following—provided the doctrines of these resolutions had been enacted into laws before the war—and we will see a servant maid working for a dollar a week, and by dint of economy, she had saved—by the time gold reached $2.80—$50. It would not buy her as good a suit of everyday rig as many servants were at that time wearing; costing before the war less than $18. So she loans it to Uncle Sam—not knowing the government would play sharp with her, as greedy borrowers sometimes do when they take advantage of usury-laws and cheat their creditors out of the principal. Now after receiving only six per cent on the hard earned $50 for about five years, she is told—no matter how hard you worked for the money, it was only worth seventeen or eighteen dollars when you loaned it to the government and your interest has amounted to more than that, so you are nothing out.

But, suppose she had known she would receive the interest until 1870, and then be obliged to surrender her bond, would she have loaned her money to the government? I answer, no! Nor would anybody else; and the government must have succumbed to the rebellion. But I have not gone back far enough. If these principles had controlled in this country since the revolution that made us an independent nation, I mean the doctrine of any one of these resolutions, we would not have had a government in 1861, much less one capable of resisting the most powerful rebellion the world has ever known.

Nor would we remain a nation until the end of the present century, if we now enact laws that are in full accord with the code of the League. But if, on the other hand, our government could enact that its treasury shall be made useful to its owners—the people—by furnishing a better currency than the most visionary financiers ever dreamed of, by converting as much of the public debt as is healthy for the market into greenbacks, redeeming those notes in gold and put them again into circulation as banks used to redeem and again circulate their bills, the burden of the public debt would be practically removed; since as money became plenty our debt would be funded in *our own markets* at half the interest it now bears. And as an increased demand came from the increase of business in this country, more of the debt could be converted into greenbacks until it was all thus employed.

"Farmer" is entirely right (REVOLUTION, March 3) when he asserts that the redundant currency during the war is entitled to the credit of the great advance in the wealth of the nation during that period. And give the people circulating medium enough, and keep that at par with gold and without a war on our hands, we will develop the country more in ten years than under Greeley's doctrines we can in a hundred years. And the secret of success is in employing all hands. If we had currency plenty, the enterprise, particularly in the west, would double the quantity of the aggregate production, while the consumption would be but little increased; and the consequence would be that our export would be many times what it now is, and consequently the hard money of other countries would

find its way into our country, while prices would not be affected by the currency of this country, but depend entirely upon the market of the world.

I had forgotten until I read Farmer's communication that one-half the greenbacks had been withdrawn from circulation, and confidently believe if no contraction had been made that the income tax to-day would be equal to the internal revenue tax, and the internal revenue double what it is. T. HUTCHINGS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN.—Use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.' The only Reliable and Harmless Remedy known to Science for removing brown discolorations from the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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SAMUEL P. DUFFIELD, M.D., Ph. D., Prof. of Chemistry, Detroit Medical College, says: "I tried three times to explode it, and failed. These tests I am satisfied with; and, therefore, consider it free from any danger of explosion, which cannot be said of any other lamp."

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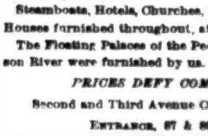

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Two	"	"	"	"	"	4	"	12 "
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etc.,		etc.,		etc.,			etc.,	

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15	$22.16	22 years.	$487.52	$512.48	$1000.00
21	26.15	20 "	523.00	477.00	1000.00
27	31.12	18 "	560.16	439.84	1000.00
33	37.46	16 "	599.36	426.64	1000.00
39	45.76	14 "	640.64	359.36	1000.00
45	57.01	12 "	684.12	315.88	1000.00
51	72.97	10 "	729.70	270.30	1000.00

or, varying the Annual Premium and the number of years.

14	$50.44	13 years.	$655.72	$344.28	$1000.00
20	56.47	12 "	677.64	322.36	1000.00
26	63.62	11 "	699.82	300.18	1000.00
32	72.76	10 "	727.60	272.40	1000.00
38	83.87	9 "	745.83	254.17	1000.00
44	96.23	8 "	769.84	230.16	1000.00
50	113.46	7 "	794.22	205.78	1000.00

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